

VOL. II. (XXI.)
1874

[THIRD SERIES.]

NO. VII. (CXXI.)
JULY.

THE MONTH

AND

CATHOLIC REVIEW.



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It would be far too long a work to be attempted here, to give even a bare catalogue of the European travellers of various nationalities who have done so much in our own day to lift the veil which has so long concealed the interior of Africa from the view of the civilized world. The fact is enough that we know now how much more yet remains unknown, and that our knowledge is not to be measured, in its claims on our activity, by the geographical or ethnological interest of the questions

to which it has drawn attention. The Christian aspect of the "African question" goes somewhat beyond the ascertainment of the courses of the Nile, or even the commercial possibilities revealed by the fact that the central regions of Africa are teeming with human beings, to whom cotton goods and cutlery might be acceptable boons. The physical discoveries which have been lately made appear to be the paramount subject of importance to some even of the discoverers. The people possess a secondary interest to them. But in the Christian view the human soul is the one priceless matter of importance, even though it be enshrined in the body of a Bongo or Niam-niam, or Akka or Bosjesman. The fauna and flora and geology and hydrography, even the language and the form of the skull and the measurement of the body of the various races themselves, are but of passing interest. The man who can open the way to the evangelizing of Central Africa is more of a hero to us than the discoverer of more than a dozen Nyanzas, or the verifier of the old Homeric legend of the pygmies and the cranes.

This last remark brings us at once to the author of the two handsome volumes bearing the title of the *Heart of Africa*, which have lately been set before the public by Messrs. Sampson Low and Marston. Dr. Schweinfurth will undoubtedly be remembered hereafter as the man who "discovered" the pygmies, the mention of whom has brought so much unnecessary scorn upon the great names of Homer, Herodotus, and Aristotle. "Discovery" is a word of many degrees of signification, and the pygmies, or as they are now called, Akkas, have been always, of course, perfectly well known to their neighbours in Africa. But Dr. Schweinfurth, though he has not been among them, fell in with them on his visit to the Monbuttoo country—the most southerly region reached in his explorations—and even made himself master of a youth of the race, whom he was bringing, "as small as life," to Europe, when the poor little man fell in at Berber "with a severe attack of dysentery, probably induced by change of air, and very likely aggravated by his too sumptuous diet." If Tikkitikki could only have been got to London or Berlin, he would possibly have been either lionized or petted to death, and would probably have got as little notion of Christianity as the Shah of Persia or the Sultan, so that for his own sake his premature death can hardly be considered a misfortune.

Dr. Schweinfurth, who had him as his daily companion for many months, and who seems to have taught him a good many things, does not appear to have as much as thought of making the poor creature a Christian. It remains, however, "acquired to history" that the pygmies exist. Dr. Schweinfurth's companions, the most intelligent of whom were Nubian soldiers in the employment of the Khartoom ivory merchants to whose caravans he attached himself, prepared him for the discovery. They certainly could know nothing about Homer or Herodotus, and yet they used to tell Dr. Schweinfurth that "to the south of the Niam-niam country there dwelt people who never grew to more than three feet in height, and who wore beards so long that they reached to their knees." They were said to be wonderfully active and dexterous, able among other things to get under the bellies of the elephants and kill them, keeping all the time out of the way of the trunk. Then again they were frequently mentioned as dwarf buffoons, who were to be found in the Courts of the barbarous chiefs of Central Africa. All this was tantalizing enough. At last, when Dr. Schweinfurth was staying with Munza, the Monbuttoo King—a potentate of whom he gives a description which is worth studying—he was told that Munza had some of the dwarfs with him. One was at last brought, much against his will, to visit the hut of the stranger. Dr. Schweinfurth with great difficulty got him to be quiet enough to be sketched and measured—it took a couple of hours altogether—as well as catechized and well feasted and gifted.

At last, after having submitted so long to my curious and pertinent questionings, the patience of Adimokoo was thoroughly exhausted, and he made a frantic leap in his endeavour to escape from the tent. Surrounded, however, by a crowd of inquisitive Bongo and Nubians, he was unable to effect his purpose, and was compelled, against his will, to remain for a little longer. After a time, a gentle persuasion was brought to bear, and he was induced to go through some of the characteristic evolutions of his war dances. He was dressed, like the Monbuttoo, in a rokko-coat and plumed hat, and was armed with a miniature lance as well as with a bow and arrow. His height I found to be about four feet ten inches, and this I reckon to be the average measurement of his race. Although I had repeatedly been astonished at witnessing the war dances of the Niam-niam, I confess that my amazement was greater than ever when I looked upon the exhibition which the pygmy afforded. In spite of his large bloated belly and short bandy legs—in spite of his age, which, by the way, was consider-

able—Adimokoo's agility was perfectly marvellous, and I could not help wondering whether cranes would ever be likely to contend with such creatures. The little man's leaps and attitudes were accompanied by such lively and grotesque varieties of expression, that the spectators shook again and held their sides with laughter. The interpreter explained to the Niam-niam that the Akka jump about in the grass like grasshoppers, and that they are so nimble that they can shoot their arrows into an elephant's eye, and drive their lances into their bodies. The gestures of the Akka, to which I shall have occasion again to refer, always reminded me of the pictures given by the travellers to represent the Bushmen of the South (vol. ii., p. 130).

Dr. Schweinfurth seems to think that the two races may be connected, if not identical. Before we proceed to the question, however, we may as well mention what seems to have been one of the very few occasions on which the traveller saw a number of these Akkas together. Two or three used to come to him daily after Adimokoo's visit, but he never saw any of their women, and as he had to leave the palace of King Munza suddenly, his intended visit to their dwellings never took place.

I am not likely to forget a *rencontre* which I had with several hundred Akka warriors, and could very heartily wish that the circumstances had permitted me to give a pictorial representation of the scene. King Munza's brother Mummery, who was a kind of viceroy in the southern section of his dominions, and to whom the Akka were tributary, was just returning to the Court from a successful campaign against the black Monvoo. Accompanied by a large band of soldiers, among whom was included a corps of Pygmies, he was conveying the bulk of the booty to his royal master. It happened on the day in question that I had been making a long excursion with my Niam-niam servants, and had heard nothing of Mummery's arrival. Towards sunset I was passing along the extensive village on my return to my quarters, when just as I reached the wide open space in front of the royal halls, I found myself surrounded by what I conjectured must be a crowd of impudent boys who received me with a sort of bravado fight. They pointed their arrows towards me, and behaved generally in a manner at which I could not help feeling somewhat irritated, as it betokened unwarrantable liberty and intentional disrespect. My misapprehension was soon corrected by the Niam-niam people about me. "They are Tikkitikki," said they; "you imagine them to be boys, but in truth they are men, nay, men that can fight." At this moment a seasonable greeting from Mummery drew me off from any apprehension on my part, and from any further contemplation of the remarkable spectacle before me (p. 132).

Dr. Schweinfurth fully intended to inspect their camp next morning, but when the day came, Mummery and his Pygmies had all marched away.

Our traveller, in a passage which follows soon after those which we have quoted, puts together the testimonies of various modern travellers as to the existence of this tribe, or of other tribes of the same peculiar character. Thus, Du Chaillu fell in with some Obongos in the territory of the Ashango. Their average height was four feet seven inches, and, except as to their great hairiness, their description answers to that of the Akka. Battel mentions a nation of dwarfs in the same part of Africa. Portuguese authorities, as early as the beginning of the seventeenth century, speak of a dwarf nation called Bakka-Bakka. Dapper mentions them likewise as a nation famous as furnishing a great deal of ivory; "little men," who can make themselves invisible, and so slay an elephant without trouble. Their ivory was said to be bartered for the salt of Loango. It is curious that sea salt, or common salt, is not to be met with among the nations visited by Dr. Schweinfurth, but he was told that the Akka paid tribute to King Munza in the shape of "real good salt," which came from the far south. The river Welle, the upper stream of which flows by the Monbuttoo country, which the Akka border on, is supposed to discharge itself, further on in its westward course, into Lake Tsad, and there are other accounts mentioned by Dr. Schweinfurth of travellers on the west coast, as at Sierra Leone, being told of a lake far eastward, on whose shores dwelt a people called Kenkob, only three or four feet in height. Here again, the only difficulty in this description is the length of the hair, which does not suit the Akka. We say the only difficulty, but it is fair not to omit that one at least of these travellers' tales speaks of the small folk in question as having tails, a phenomenon which, we need hardly say, is not to be found among Dr. Schweinfurth's pygmies. On the whole, there seems a fair concurrence of evidence in favour of the conclusion that there are scattered over Africa tribes of small stature, differing in some characteristic features—as, for instance, the Bushmen have small eyes and contracted eyelids; while the Akka have large eyes, wide open, like the Aztecs—but in the main almost identical in character, who may be considered as the remains of an early aboriginal race which is gradually becoming extinct. Unless our

travellers set to work vigorously to get hold of some of these Akka or Tikkitikki, they may vanish under the many exterminating influences which press upon the weaker tribes of Central Africa.

When we say that this discovery of the pygmies will be Dr. Schweinfurth's main title of honour in the list of African explorers in modern times, we by no means intend to imply that he has not rendered numberless services to knowledge, which are in themselves still more important. He is pre-eminently a naturalist, and his chief labours, his chief raptures and successes, lie in the field of botany. His zeal for African travel became an overpowering impulse over the collection of plants sent home from the region of the Nile by an explorer who had died of disease engendered by the climate. He made his first acquaintance with Africa itself in 1863, when he left Berlin for Egypt, and remained away for two years and a half, chiefly, as it seems, in the delta of the Nile and on the Abyssinian highlands. The mission of which his present volumes are the record, had for its object the "botanical exploration of the equatorial districts lying west of the Nile." He was absent three years. The small sketch map, which will be found at the beginning of the second volume of his work, will give the reader a better idea than the larger map in the first volume as to the extent of his travels in relation to the immense tracts of country which might be included under the name of the equatorial districts west of the Nile. His route, as far as Africa is concerned, begins and ends at Suakin, a small port on the African side of the Red Sea, in about the same latitude as Berber in Nubia. From Suakin, Dr. Schweinfurth made his way across mountain and desert to Khartoom, the point of junction between the Blue Nile, which comes from Abyssinia, and the more important stream which is called the White Nile, the tracing of whose many confluent has occupied so much attention of late years. Khartoom must be considered as the frontier town of civilization—at least, of civilization as understood by the Egyptian Government, whose policy it has of late been to push its conquests in a southerly and westerly direction from Nubia. It is the head-quarters of the ivory merchants, who, in the pages before us are called Khartoomers, men of capital, who send out expeditions composed of hundreds of men, who found

colonies called Seribas, and occupy large tracts of country, bringing the natives into subjection, and occasionally by no means averse to a little war or two among themselves. The main object of these expeditions is the ivory trade, for the sake of which thousands of elephants are annually massacred. The slaughter of these noble animals proceeds at such a pace that there is a great probability of their being entirely exterminated, unless, as is very unlikely, the merchants should see the wisdom of adopting some rules which might prevent useless and indiscriminate destruction. And yet, after all, this trade does not pay well, and it has to be largely supplemented by another still more hateful traffic—the traffic in human ebony instead of that in tusks of ivory.

Dr. Schweinfurth, who seems all through the expedition to have had the command of an abundantly flowing purse, and to have travelled, except under particular circumstances, almost like a potentate, in the enjoyment of luxuries hitherto not usually at the command of botanical explorers, connected himself with one of these Khartoom expeditions, and when in the interior spent his time almost entirely in one or other of the Seribas already mentioned, except when he was at the "court" of the great Monbuttoo King Munza. His route was at first up the Gazelle, a branch of the White Nile, through the curious "grass barrier," which almost impedes navigation on the upper waters of that magnificent stream, to a landing-place called the Meshera, and thence into the interior of the country. We should lose ourselves in details, which would occupy far more space than we can spare, if we were to give a separate account of the various native tribes across whom his travels brought our explorer—the Shillooks, the Dinka, the Bongo, the Niam-niam, and the Monbuttoo. In each case the national characteristics were very marked, and the difference of customs very strong. It would be still less possible for us to do anything like justice to the immense variety of information which Dr. Schweinfurth has accumulated with regard to that particular portion of creation which he was specially sent out to investigate. The volumes before us will be a great treasure to botanists, as well as to all students of the animal kingdom, and when we remember that his collections and manuscripts were almost entirely destroyed by a chance fire some months before the conclusion of his stay in

Equatorial Africa, we are tempted to wonder what the work would have been, of which the mere *débris* and chance remains are so abundant. We can only dip here and there into the volumes for the benefit of our readers. Here is a scene which can be appreciated even in these more prosaic lands. It occurs early in the story, before the expedition reached the Meshera, or landing-place, on the Gazelle.

As the north-east wind of course was adverse to any north-east progress, it was necessary that the boat should be towed by the crew. As the rope was being drawn along through the grass on the bank, it happened that it disturbed a swarm of bees. In a moment, like a great cloud, they burst upon the men who were dragging, and every one of them threw himself headlong into the water and hurried to regain the boat. The swarm followed at their heels, and in a few seconds filled every crook and cranny of the deck. What a scene of confusion ensued may easily be imagined. Without any foreboding of ill, I was arranging my plants in my cabin, when I heard all around me a scampering which I took at first to be merely the frolics of my people, as that was the order of the day. I called out to inquire the meaning of the noise, but only got excited gestures and reproachful looks in answer. The cry of "bees, bees," soon broke upon my ear, and I proceeded to light a pipe. My attempt was entirely in vain, in an instant bees in thousands are about me, and I am mercilessly stung all over my face and hands. To no purpose I try to protect my face with a handkerchief, and the more violently I fling my hands about so much the more violent becomes the impetuosity of the maddened insects. The maddening pain is now on my cheek, now in my eyes, now in my hair. The dogs from under my bed burst out frantically, overturning everything in their way. Losing well-nigh all control over myself, I fling myself in despair into the river. I dive down, but all in vain, for the stings rain down still upon my head. Not heeding the warnings of my people, I creep through the reedy grass to the swamp's bank. The grass lacerates my hands, and I try to gain the mainland, hoping to find shelter in the woods. All at once four powerful arms seize me and drag me back with such force that I think I must be choked in the mud. I am compelled to go back on board, and flight is not to be thought of. In the cooling moisture I had so far recovered my self-possession that it occurred to me to drag a sheet from my chest, and thus at last I found some protection, but I had first gradually to crush the bees which I had inclosed with me within this covering. Meantime, by great self-denial and courage on the part of my excellent people, my large dog was brought on board to me and covered with cloths; the other, an animal from Khartoom, was unfortunately lost. Cowering down convulsively, I lingered out thus three full hours, whilst the buzzing continued uninterruptedly, and solitary stings penetrated periodically through the

linen. Every one by degrees became equally passive as myself: at length a perfect silence reigned on board, the bees subsided into quietness. Meanwhile some courageous men had crept stealthily to the bank, and had succeeded in setting fire to the reeds. The smoke rose to their assistance, and thus they contrived to scare away the bees from the boat, and setting it afloat they drove it to the other bank (vol. i., p. 75).

At this part of its course one of the banks of the Gazelle is inhabited by the Shillooks, now formally incorporated as subjects with the Egyptian territory. Dr. Schweinfurth speaks thus of the numbers of their population.

The Shillook tribe inhabit the entire left bank of the White Nile, occupying a territory about two miles long and about ten miles wide, and which extends right to the mouth of the Gazelle river. Hemmed in by the Baggara on the west, it is prevented by the river from extending itself further eastward, and only the lower course of the Sobat has any of the Shillooks for its denizens. Their subjection to Egyptian government, which was completed in 1871, has caused a census to be taken of all the villages on the left bank of the Nile, which resulted in an estimate of about three thousand. Taking the character of the villages into account, this would give a total of above a million souls for this portion of the Shillooks alone. . . . No known part of Africa, scarcely even the narrow valley of the Nile in Egypt, has a density of population so great, but a similar condition of circumstances, so favourable to the support of a teeming population, is perhaps without a parallel in the world. Everything which contributes to the exuberance of life here finds a concentrated field, as agriculture, pasturage, fishing, and the chase. Agriculture is rendered easy by the natural fertility of the soil, by the recurrence of the rainy season, by irrigation effected by the rising of the river, by numerous canals, and by an atmosphere ordinarily so overclouded as to moderate the radiance of the sun, and to retain throughout the year perpetual moisture. Of fishing there is plenty. There are crocodiles and hippopotamuses in abundance. Across the river there is a free and open chase over wildernesses which could advantageously be built on, but for the hostility of the neighbouring Dinkas (vol. i., p. 86).

It seems to be unfortunately true that the condition of this favoured region is becoming far less prosperous than before, under the Egyptian rule. Indeed, the depopulation of the land seems so certain that Dr. Schweinfurth's only remedy for it is a large immigration from Asia—he probably means from China. Shall we live to see the "heathen Chinese" taking possession of Africa as well as of North

America? The next people whom the traveller describes at length are the Dinka, a nation which devotes itself almost entirely to cattle breeding, on a very large scale.

Upon an average, I should reckon that for every head of the population there would be found at least three of cattle; of course there is no lack of the poor and destitute, and these obviously are the slaves and dependents of the rich. So large are the numbers of the Dinkas, and so extensive their territory, that it must be expected that they will long perpetuate their existence among the promiscuous inhabitants of Africa. So far as regards their race, their line of life, and their customs, they have all the material of national unity; but where they fail is that their tribes not only make war upon each other, but submit to be enlisted as the instruments of treachery by intruders from outside. That the Khartoomers have not been able hitherto to make good their footing upon Dinka soil is due more to a general resistance to external contest than to any internal condition of concord. Every attempt to bring this people into subjection has been felt a failure, and not at all the easy matter it proved with the Bongo and some other communities. . . . Before we leave the Dinkas we must not omit to recall their virtues, in order that we may fairly estimate the charge that has been laid against them of cruelty in war. It is affirmed that they are pitiless and unrelenting in fight, that they are never known to give quarter, and revel in wild dances around the bodies of their slaughtered foes. . . . But for my part, I am ready to certify that there are Dinkas whose tenderness and compassion are beyond a question. One of the Bongo related to me, as a matter of his own experience, that he had been severely wounded in an expedition which the Nubians had set on foot against the Dinka to steal their cattle, he had laid himself down just outside a Dinka's house, and the owner had not simply protected him against all his prosecutors, who considered themselves amply justified in proceeding to every extreme of vengeance, but kept him till he had regained his health, and not content with that, he provided him with an escort back, and did not abandon him till he was safe and sound again among his own people. Notwithstanding then that certain instances may be alleged which seem to demonstrate that the character of the Dinka is unfeeling, these cases never refer to such as are bound by the ties of kindred. Parents do not desert their children, nor are brothers faithless to brothers, but are ever prompt to render whatever aid is possible. The accusation is quite unjustifiable that family affection, in our sense, is at a low ebb among them. In the spring of 1871, whilst I was staying in the Seriba of Kurshook Ali on the Dyoor, I witnessed a circumstance which I may relate as a singular corroboration of my opinion. A Dinka man, who had been one of the bearers who had carried my stores from the Meshera, was about to return to his own home in the territory of Ghattas, but he had been attacked by

the guinea worm, and his feet were so swollen that it was with the utmost difficulty that he could proceed a step, and he was obliged to remain behind alone. Everything was excessively scarce and dear, and he was glad to subsist on a few handfuls of durra, and on what scraps we gave him from our meals. In this way he dragged on, and with a little patience would have been all right; however, he was not suffered to wait long; his father appeared to fetch him. This old man brought neither cart nor donkey, but he set out and carried away the great strapping fellow, who was six feet high, for a distance of fifteen or sixteen leagues, on his own shoulders. This incident was regarded by the other natives as a mere matter of course (vol. i., p. 170).

The people, however, with whom Dr. Schweinfurth seems to have had most to do, were the Bongo. He lived longer in their territory than in that of any other tribe; indeed it was inevitable that he should do so, inasmuch as the greater number of the Seribas of the Khartoomers are in that country. The Khartoomers have in fact occupied the whole, and reduced the Bongo to servitude. Their country lay close to the Mesheras, or landing-places from the Gazelle, and as they are an agricultural, as well as a docile race, they offered little opposition to the merchants and helped them greatly in maintaining their settlements. Their reward has been the usual reward of inferior races who submit to the blessings of so-called civilization apart from Christianity.

During the early years of their occupation, the Nubians, beyond a question, treated the country most shamefully; there are traces still existing which demonstrate that large villages and extensive plots of cultivated land formerly occupied the scene where now all is desolation. Boys and girls were carried off by thousands as slaves to distant lands; and the Nubians, like the *parvenu* who looks upon his newly-acquired wealth as inexhaustible, regarded the territory as being permanently productive. They revelled like monkeys in the durra fields of Taka and Gedaref. In course of time they came to learn that the enduring value of the possessions which they had gained depended mainly on the physical force at their disposal; they began to understand how they must look to the hands of the natives for the cultivation of their corn, and to their legs for the transportation of their merchandize. Meanwhile, altogether the population must have diminished by at least two-thirds (vol. i., p. 260).

The people which is thus being exterminated has one or two remarkable customs which seem to be a tradition of a higher care for morality than usually prevails among savages

They are skilful workers in iron, which abounds in their country—skilful, that is, when their poor resources in the way of tools are considered.

With their rude bellows and a hammer, which, more commonly than not, is merely a round ball of pebblestone (though occasionally it may be a little pyramid of iron without a handle), upon an anvil of gneiss or granite, with an ordinary little chisel, and a pair of tongs consisting of a mere split piece of green wood, they contrive to fabricate articles which would bear comparison with the productions of an English smith (vol. i., p. 277).

The Niam-niam and the Monbuttoo, the two most southerly nations, in point of geographical position, which were visited by Dr. Schweinfurth, are superior in many points of what is ordinarily considered culture to those which have been already mentioned. The Niam-niam have already been made known in our day to Europeans in consequence of the long sojourn among them of the Italian traveller Piaggia. They are a nation of hunters, leaving agriculture, however, to the industry of their women, the comparative modesty of whom has won them high praise at the hands of Dr. Schweinfurth. The women are highly valued and deeply loved by their husbands, who will make any sacrifice to ransom any of them who may fall into the hands of enemies or slave hunters. The Niam-niam are brave warriors, and some of the specimens of their handicraft which are figured in Dr. Schweinfurth's pages, are very creditable indeed, and almost beautiful. But these "advanced" savages are given to cannibalism. Piaggia is said to have seen nothing of this during his year's stay among them, but he lived with the best part of the nation, and was not acquainted with the rest. There are some Niam-niam, Dr. Schweinfurth tells us, who repudiate and abominate the practice: but they are not all.

Taking all things into account, as well what I heard as what I saw, I can have no hesitation in asserting that the Niam-niam are anthropophagi; that they make no secret of their savage craving, but ostentatiously string the teeth of their victims around their necks, adorning the stakes, erected beside their dwellings for the exhibition of these trophies, with the skulls of the men whom they have devoured. Human fat is universally sold. When eaten in considerable quantity, this fat is presumed to have an intoxicating effect; but although I heard this stated as a fact by a number of the people, I never could discover the foundation on which they based this strange belief (vol. ii., p. 18).

In fact, later on in the same volume, Dr. Schweinfurth mentions the disappearance of three of his Bongo bearers, who seem undoubtedly to have been captured by the Niam-niam and almost as undoubtedly eaten by them. Their skulls were brought to Dr. Schweinfurth, who was known to be a collector of such treasures, and are now in the Museum at Berlin. At the same time, he mentions a "raid" on the Babuckur, another tribe, organized, we are sorry to say, by his own patron and entertainer, one of the Khartoom merchants. In this case the Niam-niam allies are mentioned as assisting on their own account—"the females that they entrapped they disposed of in the following way: the youngest were destined for their homes, the middle-aged for their agriculture, and the eldest for their caldrons!"¹ But scarcely anything in the book gives a more terrible idea of barbarity than the scene which he describes in the following page.

Some days after the raid on the Babuckur I was witness of a scene that can never be erased from my memory. During one of my rambles I found myself in one of the native farmsteads. Before the door of the first hut I came to an old woman was sitting, surrounded by a group of boys and girls, all busily employed in cutting up gourds and preparing them for eating; at the door of the opposite hut a man was sitting composedly playing on his mandolin. Midway between the two huts a mat was outspread; upon the mat, exposed to the full glare of the noonday sun, feebly gasping, lay a new-born infant. I doubt whether it was more than a day old. In answer to my inquiries, I learnt that the child was the offspring of one of the slaves who had been captured in the late raid, and who had now been driven off to a distant quarter, compelled to leave her infant behind because its nurture would interfere with her properly fulfilling her domestic duties. The ill-fated little creature, doomed to so transient an existence, was destined to form a dainty dish, and the savage group were calmly engaged in their ordinary occupations until the poor little thing should have breathed its last, and be ready to be consigned to the seething caldron! (p. 224).

Such are the Niam-niam, one of the most favoured races in Africa, and now let us pass on, once more, to the Monbuttoo, more powerful, more cultivated, more richly blessed than their neighbours.

The Monbuttoo land greets us as an Eden upon earth. Unnumbered groves of plantain bedeck the gently-heaving soil; oil palms,

¹ P. 222.

incomparable in beauty, and other monarchs of the stately woods, rise up and spread their glory over the favoured scene; along the streams there is a bright expanse of charming verdure, whilst a graceful shadow ever overhangs the domes of the idyllic huts. The general altitude of the soil ranges from two thousand five hundred to two thousand eight hundred feet above the level of the sea; it consists of alternate depressions, along which the rivulets make their way, and gentle elevations, which gradually rise till they are some hundred feet above the beds of the streams below. Upon the whole, the soil may be described as far more developed in character than what is observed in the eastern part of the Niam-niam land. Like it is thus, it is rich in springs, wherever there are depressions, and in a network of "desaguadero's" associated with the watercourses, and justifies the comparison that has already been suggested between the entire land and a well-soaked sponge, which yields countless streams to the pressure of the hand. Belonging to one of the most recent formations, and still in process of construction, the ferruginous swamp-ore is found very widely diffused over the Monbuttoo country, and indeed extends considerably further to the south, so that the red earth appears to be nearly universal over the greater part of the highlands of Central Africa. The denser population has involved, as might be expected, more frequent clearances for the sake of establishing plantain groves, and promoting the culture of maize and sugarcane, but even here in the deeper valleys, trees grow to such a prodigious height, and exhibit such an enormous girth, that they could not be surpassed by any that could be found throughout the entire hill region of the north. Beneath the imposing shelter of these giants other forms grow up, and rising one above another stand in mingled confusion (vol. ii., p. 86).

Dr. Schweinfurth estimates the number of the Monbuttoo at about a million. They cultivate chiefly the plantain, the manioc or cassava, the sweet potatoe, yams, earthnuts, sugarcanes, and the Virginian tobacco—which, strange to say, though it must be an importation from America, is now found over all the centre of Africa. They breed few animals, being abundantly supplied with flesh meat by hunting, and they have a great quantity of poultry. And yet this favoured nation is entirely and detestably cannibal! After speaking of the various oils which they mix with their food, the traveller says—

But of most universal employment amongst them is human fat, and this brings our observations to the climax of their culinary practices. The cannibalism of the Monbuttoo is the most pronounced of all the known natives of Africa. Surrounded as they are by a number of people who are blacker than themselves, and who, being inferior to them in culture, are consequently held in great

contempt, they have just the opportunity which they want for carrying on expeditions of war or plunder, which result in the acquisition of a booty which is especially coveted by them, consisting of human flesh. The carcases of all who fall in battle are distributed on the battlefield, and are prepared by drying for transport to the homes of the conquerors. They drive their prisoners before them without remorse, as butchers would drive sheep to the shambles, and these are only reserved to fall victims on a later day to their horrible and sickening greediness. During our residence at the Court of Munza the general rumour was quite current that nearly every day some little child was sacrificed to supply his meal (p. 90).

He then mentions two occasions on which he himself came upon the natives while preparing or preserving human flesh for food. These were accidental occasions, as the King himself acknowledged that while the Nubians and Dr. Schweinfurth were with them he had given orders that the practice should only be carried on in secret. Yet this Court of King Munza was the very *acmé* of African civilization. He himself is somewhat of a hero with Dr. Schweinfurth, and a strange despot indeed he seems to be, with his immense halls, beautifully and skilfully constructed, in which he at one time harangues his subjects and at another dances like a madman for hours together before his many scores of wives, all of them elaborately painted and tattooed for so solemn an exhibition. But we must leave our readers, if they so will, to make acquaintance with this Monbuttoo Cæsar for themselves, and if the cannibalism of his highly cultivated subjects should strike them as wonderfully revolting, they may perhaps ask themselves whether the fashionable Darwinism of the day does not lay a logical foundation upon which the introduction of the practice of "utilizing dead flesh" may hereafter be grounded by some European philosophers.

Towards the end of his second volume, Dr. Schweinfurth gives a painfully interesting account of the other great crime against nature which is committed on so large a scale in Africa, the crime of the slave trade. On his first journey, he tells us, he visited all the great markets of the trade, Cairo, Sioult, Djiddah, Suakin, Matamma in Gallabat, Khartoom, and Berber. These are the outlets: the sources lie in the lands south of Darfoor and Kordofan, that is, in the countries which he visited in this his second tour. "I have seen," he says, whole tracts of country in Dar Feetet turned into barren

uninhabited wildernesses simply because all the young girls had been carried out of the country." Again—"On approaching the district of Wod Shellay, we perceived countless masses of black specks standing out against the bright coloured sand. They were all slaves! The route from Kordofan to the east lay right across the land, and was quite unguarded; the spot that we now saw was where the caravans are conveyed over the river on their way to the great *dépôt* at Mussalemieh," Dr. Schweinfurth tells us that the estimate of twenty-five thousand slaves made annually is far under the mark. They are dispersed all over the East, and although it is, as he says, far less easy to guard the frontiers of the desert over which they come, than to watch a sea coast, still a great deal might be done by a cordon of inspection along the valley of the Nile, and some ships, if necessary, stationed in the Red Sea. This last measure would at once stop up some at least of the markets enumerated above. But how futile do all our past efforts at the suppression of the African slave trade appear, in the face of these facts! We may have succeeded in stopping the trade across the Atlantic almost entirely, and here there is a traffic of far more gigantic proportions braving us on the eastern side of the continent.

Dr. Schweinfurth has his remedies to propose, and at all events they are in one sense thorough enough. They include the handing over of the country to the administration of Europeans, the founding of States expressly for the defence of the natives, and a large Chinese immigration to supply the labour that is wanted. Dr. Schweinfurth is probably entirely right in his utter distrust of the Egyptian Government, which, even if it has the will to put down the slave trade, has certainly not the power to do so. But, in truth, how can a Government like the Egyptian be really hearty in desiring the suppression of the traffic? It can make but little distinction between the "domestic institution" itself and the means by which it is supplied with its victims. Any true Turk must look upon the proscription of the slave trade as an European "fad"—an idiosyncrasy of the Frankish nations which he may not hardly be able to afford to ridicule openly, but at which in his heart he must smile. Do not these very Frankish nations, at least the greater part of them, keep millions of men in "involuntary servitude" by the proscription which feeds their enormous standing armies with living

victims? What are William of Prussia, Alexander of Russia, and Francis Joseph of Austria, and Victor Emmanuel of Italy—who adds to the common European practice in this regard a little embellishment of his own, in forcing clerical students and the members of religious communities into the ranks of his army—what are all these, but slave drivers on a large scale? And who is the better off of the two, the black slave who against his will, perhaps, originally, is made to lead a comfortable lazy life in Cairo or Aleppo, or the white conscript, torn from his home or from his studies of divine doctrine to learn how to put his brother men out of this world by the bayonet or the needle-gun, and to run the risk of being himself sent out of the world in the same way? We cannot really imagine a true Oriental entering at all into European ideas on the subject of slavery, and as long as the Turk is the Turk he will never heartily help the Frank in abolishing what he sees no harm in, and what he reaps the benefit of.

Some good might possibly be done by founding, not States, but towns, as large as Khartoom, further and further to the south; towns which might serve as the head-quarters of missionary and civilizing labours, and be strong enough to protect themselves, as well as any natives that might gather round them in settlements answering to the "Reductions," in case of native wars. When we consider the usual fate of such settlements under Governments nominally Christian, it becomes a question of doubt whether they would not fare far better under the Khedive or the Porte. Of course the great difficulty would be either to keep the Europeans who might settle there in order, or to keep Europeans away altogether. We cannot quite see why the natives should not be able, under good management, to develop the immense resources of the interior of Africa for themselves, without the questionable aid of the Chinese.

Two things at least are certain, whatever Dr. Schweinfurth and others who think with him may imagine. One of these two things is that the great change of all required for the improvement of Africa, whether as to religious or social matters, is the destruction of Islamism, for which, indeed, it is hard to say which of the two greater Continents of the Old World calls the loudest on the merciful Providence of God. It is to Islamism that these two Continents owe it that the condition of their children is what it is. It is not that

Islamism reigns over the whole of Asia or the whole of Africa, but that in the case of each it has for a thousand years or more prevented the only true civilizing and elevating influence which is at work upon the earth from reaching its children. Till the discovery of America and of the path to Asia round the Cape of Good Hope, Christian Europe was pent up, as it may be said, in a corner of the known world by the loathsome barrier of the Mussulman dominions, and even now no desert in the world is arid or inhospitable enough to be a fitting figure of the moral and intellectual desolation which results wherever Islamism has set its foot. And as to the particular plague of slavery and the slave trade, where do all these hundreds of thousands of slaves whom Dr. Schweinfurth describes as blackening the sands on the eastern side of the Nile valley go to, except to the Mussulman countries?

The other thing that is equally clear is, that nothing but Christianity can ever civilize Africa. If in other respects all that can be thought of be done for the suppression of the slave trade and the cultivation of the soil, and this single weapon of religion left unused, then the countless nations of Central Africa will gradually melt away in mutual strife or before immigration from without, leaving behind them some of the richest countries in the world, to remain for ever uninhabited by civilized man, or to be occupied, as America has been occupied, by strangers. Let us hope and pray that neither of these alternatives may come about. Africa has as yet written but little history in the annals of the world. She has been kept back, as it were, till the very last: her part in the mighty drama of the life of the human race has been postponed even to that of the long unknown continent of the West. But her time may come, and may be at hand. The course of events may soon sweep away the great curse which has so long kept her in chains and in darkness, and the feet of new Apostles may soon be treading those beautiful regions of her Central Zone which the travellers of our day have done so much to reveal.

Dr. Bain and Free Will.

DR. BAIN has been, in his day, examiner in Logic and Moral Philosophy in the University of London, his books have been the quasi-text-books of candidates for examinations held in that Institution, and their influence has not yet entirely died out there. Although then, he is not, perhaps, the most powerful exponent of the doctrine which will be discussed in the following pages, still, the facts just mentioned, render his works at once specially open to review, and specially worth reviewing; and notwithstanding that a subject almost identical with the present, has been lately very ably handled in the pages of the *Dublin Review*, the importance of the subject may excuse a somewhat detailed examination of his chapter on "Liberty and Necessity."

According to Dr. Bain, the metaphysicians of the world have, since very early times, busied themselves about a problem which though it has, he allows, its embarrassing points, has been raised to the rank of an "enormous theoretical difficulty, a metaphysical dead-lock, a puzzle and a paradox of the first degree, an inextricable knot," mainly because of the inaptness of the terms used on both sides of the controversy. Students of moral philosophy have, then, every reason to be hopeful; in Dr. Bain's book on the *Emotions and the Will*, they will find many of the difficulties of the so-called free will controversy smoothed down by the introduction of a new and more lucid terminology, and the number of points really at issue reduced to a minimum. Such are the promises which in substance, if not in so many words, smile upon us from page 539 of the work referred to. Let us see how far these promises are verified.

"The notion of a man being free in his actions," Dr. Bain goes on to say, "appears first¹ [1] among the Stoics, and after-

¹ The phrase "historical travesty," has been a good deal banded about of late between Professor Huxley and Mr. Hutchison Stirling. Our readers will judge for themselves whether or no it is applicable to the account above. It is, however, only fair to Dr. Bain to say that his *Mental and Moral Science*, published some nine years later than the *Emotions and the Will*, contains (p. 406, seq.) a less amusing and more reasonable account of the Free Will controversy.

wards in the writings of Philo Judæus. The virtuous man was said to be free, and the vicious man a slave, the intention being obviously by a strong metaphor to pay a lofty compliment to virtue, and to fix a degrading stigma on vice. . . . The doctrine of freedom was first elaborated into a metaphysical scheme . . . by St. Augustine against Pelagius, and in a later age was disputed between Arminians and Calvinists, being for centuries a capital controversy both in theology and in metaphysics." Dr. Bain, however, having a judicious horror of those misapplied terms and mistaken comparisons which philosophers and divines have been handing down from generation to generation as a sort of hereditary metaphysical nightmare, prefers to state his view as "the doctrine of invariable sequence in human actions," and wishes that hostile psychologists would oppose this statement of the question by such negatives as may be compatible with "shutting out the obnoxious terms 'liberty and necessity.'" It is for instance "competent for any one to constitute the human will a region of anarchy, provided he thinks there are facts that bear out the conclusion." Having thus entered his protest against "the old *drapeau* under which the contest has been so long carried on," he proceeds to animadvert upon some of the expressions in common use on the subject. The terms liberty and necessity having been set aside, a corresponding criticism deprives of their common meaning, at least in the present connection, such words as *choice*, *deliberation*, *spontaneity*, *self-determination*. What was before thought of as active choice, becomes a sort of passive determination; deliberation is changed into what might more aptly be called *delibration*, the hovering of an intelligent balance between plans equally weighted with motives; spontaneity is "a result of the physical mechanism under the stimulus of nutrition;" while self-determination is a suspicious word, altogether "having a lurking reference to some power behind the scenes," and, moreover, implicitly containing "an imputation on the common [*i.e.*, Mr. Mill's and Dr. Bain's] analysis of the mind."

Now the change of terminology which he proposes seems to me so inconvenient, that it may be well before going further, to close with him on this question of words and meanings, and rather to stay to justify expressions which use has endowed with respectability and precision, than to venture on a conflict with the somewhat cumbrous weapon which is proffered. Nor does it appear very difficult to do this.

Dr. Bain, as we have already seen, objects to the phrase, "Freedom of the will," as implying a false analogy. It is, however, still competent to any one to constitute it "a region of anarchy." But if he would not object on the score of language to my constituting the human will a region of anarchy, why may I not keep the genus of the metaphor and say I prefer to liken it to a monarchy? *Imperium politicum*—a limited monarchy, as opposed alike to *imperium despoticum*—a despotism, and to anarchy, is the very expression used by St. Thomas, who takes his cue from Aristotle, in describing the functions of the will in the human microcosm. Again, Dr. Bain calls his theory "the doctrine of invariable sequence in human actions." Now invariable means, it is to be presumed, that which cannot be varied; but what I cannot do, although it lies before me, that I am not free to do. It may, however, be urged that *invariable* here means no more than *unvarying*, that there is no question of what a man *must* or *can* do, but of what he *does*. But the answer is as ready to hand as the objection. What in the name of science is the use of telling me that I always *do* so and so, if I *can* do the opposite at any moment? The information may be of personal interest, but it cannot be of scientific value, it cannot be the expression of a *law*, if it lies in my power by a single act to establish a standing exception. The sequence of actions would no more be *unvarying* if it were not *invariable*, than the belief in the truths of arithmetic would be *unvarying* and universal if it were possible to doubt whether seven and five make twelve.² Whoever then would hold that the sequence of actions is *unvarying*, must be prepared to admit that it is *invariable*; and it must be allowed that the phrase, liberty of action, is a true correlative to Dr. Bain's own phrase, invariable sequence, and involves no metaphor which he can consistently disallow. And the same thing is made clear from his own words. For not only does he admit the somewhat poetical phrase, "a region of anarchy," but further heads his own chapters and pages with such expressions as these—*Control* of Feelings and Thoughts, *Command* of Feelings through Ideas, *Suppression* of Emotion, and so on.

² In the case of inanimate nature indeed (and also of the brute creation) it is of scientific interest to know what these agents *do*. But this is only because we know on other grounds that these are necessary agents, that whatever they do they cannot help doing. Dr. Bain would probably not agree with this, but as any assumptions here made have been made only for the sake of illustration, they cannot vitiate the argument in the text.

The fact is that, all our knowledge being derived from materials originally supplied by the senses, we can only express internal and spiritual facts in language which primitively applied to material things without us. The words liberty and necessity, or their primitive synonyms in all languages, were doubtless first used to denote exclusively freedom from external restraint, but the fact that this species of freedom and of restraint has points in common with certain facts of internal experience, finds its proof not only in the universal usage of mankind, but even in the language of so critical a thinker as Dr. Bain himself.

If, however, it has been worth while to contend for the words liberty and necessity, it will be still more to the purpose to define clearly what is meant by saying that the will in its action is free, or that man in his voluntary acts is not a necessary agent.³ Is there any *external* compulsion which forces me to believe that two and two make four? No. Am I, then, free to believe that the multiplication table is a delusion? Or, rather, do I not find myself forced by an internal law (whether grounded in or grafted on my nature matters not here) to give my assent to these foundations of all arithmetic? Whatever may be the opinions of philosophers or thinkers as to the relativity, or primitiveness, and so on, of these laws of thought, no one, I think, will deny their existence. Dr. Bain certainly does not, for he says, among other things, that he "might be a Roman Catholic born, yet with a mind so constituted as irresistibly to embrace the Protestant faith on examining its creed." The question, then, is—Are there any laws of our constitution which irresistibly determine the entire course of action of the human will, as the law of evidence and the testimony of consciousness enforce the assent of the understanding? If the will is wholly without laws, then is it indeed "a region of anarchy;" if, while necessitated by internal laws on some points, it is left free on others, still the doctrine of the invariable sequence of actions will be false, and it is

³ A controversy has been raised on the question, whether it is more correct to say that the will is free, or that the man is free. There is not time to examine the point here, but it may save confusion to suggest that the true solution of the difficulty is indicated by saying that inasmuch as a man is not free in all his activities, in his intellect for example, or in his sensual appetites, but only in his will, it is not inappropriately said that his will is free. We should, I think, often save ourselves trouble by mentally substituting for "the will," "the intellect;" such expressions as "the soul acting through the will," "the soul acting in this or that function," &c.

upon this ground that the advocates of free will take their stand. They maintain that above and beyond freedom from external constraint, or freedom from co-action, as it is sometimes called, there is in the will an independence up to a certain point from any internal determining law, and this independence is called freedom from necessity.

I say an independence up to a certain point, for there is one law to which the will is irrevocably subject. We cannot will that which is not, in some aspect or other, good. We cannot will that which does not promise to satisfy, whether completely or incompletely, immediately or mediately, one of the many appetites or exigences of our nature. We cannot will without a motive. Some one of those most various incitements which Dr. Bain expends so much pains and so many chapters in enumerating, describing, and classifying, or some one of those higher considerations which it does not fall into his way to notice so fully, some one, I say, of these motives is absolutely and essentially the prerequisite to an act of the will. This will, I think, hardly be called in question, at least by Dr. Bain, and it is therefore unnecessary to enlarge upon the point.

It remains to inquire, and here lies our difference, whether there be any further law to which the will is subject without possibility of rescue, whether motives being supposed indispensable they are also compelling; whether I not only cannot act without a motive, but cannot avoid acting according to a preponderance of motives.⁴ Dr. Bain says I cannot. "The assumption involved in all that has been advanced," in the preceding chapters, "respecting the voluntary actions of living beings, is," he says, "the prevalence of uniformity or law in that class of phenomena, making allowance for the complication of numerous antecedents, not always perfectly known."

When we turn to look for the arguments by which this doctrine is supported, we find them to be not very numerous, and a little difficult to unravel. As far as I can succeed in distinguishing what is intended for argumentation from what is not so meant, there is first an appeal to general practice; secondly, another to the "law of causation;" thirdly, a calling

⁴ I speak, of course, of the state of things in this life. We must, for the present, leave out of account the direct vision of God as enjoyed by the blessed (as every Catholic believes) in heaven.

to book of the popular argument from consciousness; and, fourthly and lastly, a challenge to prove from facts the insufficiency of the account of the human will which has been given by himself and kindred thinkers.

I will consider in order the points enumerated. Dr. Bain urges that "the practice of life is in general accordance" with his view, "so much so, that if any other theory had been broadly propounded (*sic*), the experience and procedure of mankind would in all probability have offered a negative." And what is it that leads him to suppose so? It is that "ever since men lived in society they have been in the habit of predicting the future conduct of each other from the past." Certainly they have, but then Dr. Bain's readers will remember the principle upon which, in his *Logic*, he lays stress, that the same effect may be produced by different causes, that not every *causa adequata* is a *causa vera*, and they will not fail to notice that what Dr. Bain calls "a certain persistence and regularity as to the operation of certain motives," which no one would think of calling in question, is a widely different thing from an invariable sequence of actions. The fact that men predict each other's future conduct is indeed, as far as it goes, consistent with the necessitarian doctrine, for they also predict the conduct of their dogs and horses, which are necessary agents; but then it is no less reconcileable with the tenets of the advocates of free will. No one, that I am aware of, has ever denied the existence of what are in logic somewhat ambiguously called "moral laws," *i.e.*, of general principles (including principles regarding the force of character and habit), according to which men's actions ordinarily take their course, and a knowledge of which will enable us, on the whole, to predict with very high probability average, and in many cases individual results; but they maintain that this is not the whole truth, for that there are residual phenomena, the key to which is only to be found in that consciousness of liberty which, as I shall have presently to show, we have within us. Dr. Bain admits apparent residual phenomena, but thinks, with Mr. Mill, that a more intimate acquaintance with character and motives would, in all cases, render possible a sort of mathematical calculation of the future course of internal results. The stronger motive must prevail; as long as the motives are equal no determination can be made, the calling to mind of new motives must itself

be determined by some prevailing one among previous motives; the whole process is, in short, an invariable sequence. Such are Dr. Bain's principles. And, as has already been said, they might conceivably account for so much of "general practice" as is included in the effect in question. But that such causes *are* the causes of this effect, must be proved before the argument can take rank as a complete one. Now, as Dr. Bain elsewhere confesses,⁵ that we have no experimental test of the strength of a motive but the fact that it is acted upon in a given case, and as the very point in question is whether this indication be a test at all, it will not be easy to obtain from experience any direct proof of the hypothesis which we are combating.

It still remains for him, however, to establish it indirectly by the exclusion of the sole alternative, namely, the free will theory, and this he would succeed in doing could he succeed in proving, as he seems desirous to do, the identity of "the law of causation" with "the doctrine of the invariable sequence of human actions." But here, too, there is a difficulty. The law of causation is either to be regarded as a metaphysical truth, in which case it offers no opposition to the free will theory, as is easily shown;⁶ or else it is "nothing more than an induction of observed instances of uniformity." The latter is the view taken of it by Dr. Bain, in common with Mr. Mill. Moreover, in Dr. Bain's mouth the law of causation is nothing more than the law of invariable sequence,

⁵ *E.g.* (p. 446), "Lying between contradictory impulses, the result shows which is stronger." "The resulting volition decides the stronger, and is the ultimate canon of appeal." And so on elsewhere. It is needless to urge that the question is, whether either of two motives be called the stronger *before* the act of the will, and if so, whether the stronger necessarily determines the will. If the act of the will be itself taken into account, of course the motive chosen may be said to have been in some sense, and *in conjunction with the will*, the stronger.

⁶ We are not here concerned with Sir W. Hamilton. It may, however, be well to indicate the answer to the objection that free will is in contradiction with the principle of causality, regarded not as an inductive law, but as a metaphysical principle. "Everything which begins to have being must have a cause." Therefore every act of the will must have a cause; and not only this, but the preference of free will, but the cause of the choice *is* its power of choosing, its liberty, together with the mental presence of the objects to be chosen between. This may be hard to understand, but it is no contradiction. The contradiction would have place if the *power of choosing* had no cause. But this is not so; the cause of man's liberty is the creative and preservative act of God.

The full discussion of Sir W. Hamilton's objection would take an essay by itself. But his plea is quite foreign in spirit to any urged by Dr. Bain.

or, as I would rather call it for reasons pointed out above, the law of necessary causation. Now if this be so, it remains to be inquired whether the law, which is found to hold in the observed instances of uniformity, likewise holds, not in similar circumstances elsewhere, but in an entirely different order, namely, in the domain of the human will. Dr. Bain urges that "we have examined a very wide portion of natural phenomena, both in matter and in mind, and that no case of anarchy has ever yet been lighted upon." I have already entered a protest against the use of the word anarchy in this connection, but waiving this objection, has it not yet to be demonstrated that the case of the great portion of natural phenomena, which has been examined, is parallel with that which has not? The fact that it differs from the examined portion in the very matter of being itself beyond the reach of examination, suggests the possibility of other points of difference. If, indeed, the unexplored portion of nature stands to the "very wide portion" which "we have examined" in the relation of a lurking "nest of irregularity," then, indeed, there is some reason for conjecturing a universal extension of the law of invariable sequence; some grounds, too, for throwing the burden of proof upon those who hold an opposite opinion, but if the domain of intelligent will be one of the most important of the kingdoms of the universe, then it is for Dr. Bain to establish his point. Until he has proved the parallelism of which I have spoken, and which, after all, is the very matter in question, the inductive argument appears to be entirely worthless.

In the ultimate issue, then, Dr. Bain is reduced to his challenge to opponents, and on this ground he must be met. The argument from consciousness must be our theme, for although there are more philosophical grounds for asserting the freedom of the will than can be drawn immediately from the individual consciousness, the employment of purely metaphysical modes of reasoning would be, in relation to Dr. Bain, a *petitio principii*.

What then does consciousness really tell me about the freedom of my will? It tells me this, that when an object (I speak of objects that occur in this life) is placed before me whether sensibly or mentally, I am not irresistibly drawn whether by main force or by fascination, or by any interital law whatsoever, to seek for or to avoid that object, or to remain

neutral. It tells me, if I have already given the consent of my will and am proceeding to put in execution what I have willed, that I can at any moment change my purpose,—whence I reason that I shall be accountable for my act, and not only be liable to but *deserve* either praise or punishment. Lastly, when the act has been done, whether in outward execution or in inward intention, my memory, or as Dr. Bain in his *Logic* calls it, my *past consciousness*, tells me that I have done that which I was neither forced from without nor necessitated from within to do; and reason, combining this testimony with my notion of moral right and wrong, assures me that I have acted well or ill, and not that I have been fortunate or unlucky.

Let me develop this at slightly greater length. I say, then, that it is competent to consciousness (*i.e.*, my intellectual faculties turned inwards upon themselves) to inform me whether or no I am being irresistibly borne onward to will a certain proximate end, or to put forth a volition according to a certain motive. Neither consciousness, indeed, nor my senses, can tell me whether I am being irresistibly borne on the surface of the earth round the sun, because the force by which I am thus borne is one which is hidden alike from consciousness and from sense; but the force of motives essentially consists in their being seen and felt. An unseen and unfelt motive is a contradiction in terms. A forgotten motive, such as Spinoza is said to have imagined, is, as long as it remains in oblivion, no motive at all.⁷ An unanalyzed craving of the sensitive appetite, an undefinable desire which we cannot resolve into its elements, there may well be, but a *motive* according to which a man in the full use of his understanding consciously exerts his will, is a chain whose strength lies in its being perceived; and it cannot be an irresistible chain unless, when I struggle against it, I feel it to be irresistible.

It is true that I cannot struggle against it without taking hold of another chain, I cannot refrain from acting upon my first impulse without some second motive, but such there always are to hand; we cannot have the finite on the one side and nothing on the other, for every finite good has some evil annexed to it;

⁷ Of course a motive may be present with more or less of explicit definiteness. The remembrance that we *had* a motive in making a resolution may be itself a motive. Inasmuch as we are talking of *conscious* volition, our readers will see that there is no difficulty in reconciling the words in the text with the ascetic doctrine of virtual intentions.

and consciousness testifies that when I have these two motives before me, when I have on the one side the finite and limited good, and on the other the manifold limitations which make it fall short of the desires of my whole being, when I stand with the two chains grasped, I am not held helplessly neutral by the equal strength of both, nor dragged without the possibility of refusal by the preponderating force of either. If by habit I am become the slave of passion, then indeed I have given too great power to the chains that draw me downwards, and some parts of my nature there are which, without special aids of grace, I may never hope to control; but so long as I am a man with the right use of reason, no motive can compel my will, and of this I am conscious as often as I choose to struggle.

There are chain ladders hanging from above which invite me, indeed, to ascend, and which will sustain me when I try to mount, and there are others in which my feet are caught and drag me downwards into regions below, but neither the one nor the other can compel me, and my ascent or my descent must be my own act. Once more, a force which I do not feel I cannot resist, against a force which I do feel I can set my face; if it be an external force, then it lies with my senses combined with my judgment to tell me whether my struggle is successful; if it be an internal necessitation, then it is for my consciousness to tell me that I am unable to stand my ground. If I can be conscious of my inability to believe that two and two make five, then also can I be conscious of my ability not to follow some particular motive.

If, indeed, I were set face to face with a good against the acceptance of which there were no motive, to that good I could not but tend, in presence of that good I should cease to be free, and in presence of that good freedom would cease to be itself a good; but of such the philosophy of experience tells not, for such a good is to be found in that God alone Whose place in the domain of philosophy it is a capital point with the "experiential" philosopher to dispute.

Against this, however, Dr. Bain has more than one plea to urge. "Say what we may," he observes in the first place, "the doctrines of freedom and necessity are generalized theories affirming a character common to all the volitions of all men. . . . The notion of freedom . . . is not an intuition, any more than the notion of the double decomposition of salts. There is a

collection of remembered volitions, and a comparison drawn between them and . . . the situation of being unloosed from an overpowering compulsion from without." Now the advocates of free will "compare the whole compass of voluntary acts with this single predicament, and find, as they think, an apposite parallel under which the will is generalized and summed up for good."

Now this objection appears to me to be grounded on a misconception of the argument against which it is directed. The "argument from consciousness" is, I take it, so called, not because any number of witnessings of the consciousness constitutes of itself an entire reasoning process, but because the testimony of the mind acting in that function is the *special* element which, entering as a prominent premise, distinguishes it from other proofs, real or supposed, by which the freedom of the will is or might be established. The advocates of free will are not, as far as I am aware, in the habit of grounding *wholly* upon the consciousness any proposition "affirming a character common to all the volitions of all men," or of giving to consciousness the office of comparing internal states with external objects and circumstances. What consciousness is really asserted to testify I have already described; the parallel between this testimony and "the situation of being unloosed from an overpowering compulsion from without," I have tried to justify, not from consciousness, but from reason, from experience, and from language; while as to the generalization from individual experience to "all the volitions of all men," which is the complement of the proof, it is the very method professedly pursued throughout the whole of Dr. Bain's treatise on the will, the method without which the construction of any philosophy of the will whatsoever is impossible—at least until the time shall come when, as the two Kilkenny cats did corporally, the universe of men shall mentally perform a process of mutual assimilation.⁸

⁸ It may, however, be urged, that a few lines back I used such phrases as these—"We cannot have the finite on one side and nothing on the other, for every finite good has some evil annexed to it;" and "so long as I am a man with the right use of reason, no motive can compel my will," and so on, and that in arguing against an empiricist philosopher who as such has an instinctive horror of the word *cannot*, to use such terms is to beg the question. To this I answer in the first place, that it is troublesome always to talk in the language of a hypothesis which one regards as a fundamental error; and in the second place, that I have said nothing which may not be translated without difficulty into the language of the empirical philosophy without injury to the validity of my argument. Thus I may say, "as far as experience can afford us any evidence there is no good in this world which has not some short-

Dr. Bain's second objection is as follows. He suggests that consciousness, properly speaking, is of the present moment only. "Being applicable in strictness," he says, "only to my individual mind at some one single instant, it contains the very minimum of information. . . . We must make a march in advance in order to constitute the smallest item of what is properly termed information, and although the primitive experience were never so sure, it is quite another question how far fallacy may creep in with the new move that constitutes the beginning of knowledge as commonly conceived. While infallibility reigns, knowledge is not; where knowledge commences, fallibility has crept in."⁹ Has then Dr. Bain led his readers so far through his volume to teach them that precisely when he says that he knows a thing, then they are to begin to suspect him? Does he wish us to believe those logical canons, which he himself afterwards developed, warrant no surefootedness in reasoning? It is hard to think that a writer who still talks of "grounds of certainty in knowledge," can intend this. But that there may be no doubt on the subject, we find in his *Logic*, in the section on "the universal postulate," that "it is requisite . . . that we should believe in past consciousness or memory," and again, that "the belief in memory must be postulated," for "unless we trust our recollection, our knowledge is limited to what is now present." Of course the testimony of memory, according to Dr. Bain, as well as according to other philosophers, is to be believed only within certain limits and under certain tests, still on all hands its unimpeachable veracity within these limits and under these tests must be postulated; and it lies with Dr. Bain to establish

coming," and in like manner, the rest of the supposed obnoxious expressions may be dealt with. A similar remark applies to such terms as "external objects," "outward experience," which, however much they may seem to take for granted the falsity of the idealist hypothesis, may be changed so as to suit the idealist way of thinking without any greater inconvenience than considerable involution of language. And of this any one who may be sufficiently interested in the wearisome circumlocution of the consistent idealist, may satisfy himself by going back upon the passages referred to. Of course no reasoning is complete and productive of absolute certainty which is not conducted on the hypothesis of the existence of necessary truths. To prove this last point, however, at the outset of every discussion, is like beginning from the Creation in every sermon. It is often almost necessary to leave to the reader the choice of taking for granted the existence of necessary truths as a point elsewhere established, or of resting content with reasoning which as an *ad hominem* argument is complete, and which, without going to the deepest depths of the subject, merely show the empiricist philosopher to be at variance with his own principles and expressions.

⁹ P. 559.

that in that implicit use of the memory which enters into the argument under discussion, as it must necessarily enter into every other argument, good or bad, the proper precautions have not been observed. Yet this is just what Dr. Bain makes no attempt to show. Here then is another unsupported minor again practically identical with the point which is in question, and which has to be made good. In the proposition, "those who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones," there is "a collection of remembered" glass houses, and a heap of remembered stones, and a comparison between a residence in the one and a casting of the other, resulting in an unfavourable judgment of the combination; so, too, in Dr. Bain's proposition, "the perplexity of the question of free will is mainly owing to the inaptness of the terms to express the facts," there is a collection of remembered volitions, a comparison, and so on, but surely both propositions are too respectable to be overthrown by an allegation which would hold as truly against any other then true or false which might be propounded. It does not seem clear, then, why one of the premises of the argument from consciousness should crumble under so harmless a missile. To repeat once again; that the present consciousness testifies to what is past is what no one ever asserted, that the memory must under proper restrictions be trusted in conjunction with the present consciousness is one of Dr. Bain's own postulates.

I have tried to give a fair summary of the chapter on Liberty and Necessity, and to examine its contents point by point. Those portions of the chapter on which I have not touched, regard questions which are wholly secondary. It is time, then, to take a review of our position. We have seen, then, in the first place, that, supposing the exposition of his doctrine to have been correct, what positive reasoning Dr. Bain employs in support of his theory is itself sadly in want of support, his appeal to common practice proving no more than every holder of the doctrine of free will is perfectly ready to admit, while the challenge to opponents to establish a case against the supposed inductive law is nothing more than a logically unjustifiable throwing of the burden of proof on to other's shoulders. We have also seen that the challenge being accepted, and stand being taken upon the argument from consciousness, Dr. Bain had only two guns to use, whereof one was fired off into space, being discharged against an aerial castle, a phantom fortress, the

imagined stronghold of the enemy, while the only remaining field-piece proved useless for want of a gun-carriage, or, in logical language, of an established minor.

And now I would ask, if the foregoing analysis of Dr. Bain's doctrines and argumentation has been in the main reasonable, what is to be thought of the system which imposed a philosophy such as this upon candidates for a University examination, upon young men not three in ten of whom could not with a little study have confuted it? It might sound ironical to liken Dr. Bain's portly volumes to a corrosive poison; perhaps they might more aptly be compared to a pestle, with which, in the strong hands of a man like the late Chancellor Grote, the poison of a practical scepticism is pounded and prepared; but without going into the question of its deleterious effects, may we not fairly be allowed, as Englishmen, to protest against being submitted to a system whose strongest arguments are the veriest sophisms? It is a relief to know that the London University seems to be really drifting away from the spirit of Dr. Bain's psychology. May we hope that the day is not far distant when her authorities will not merely leave it, but, as far as it lies with them, repudiate it?

H. W. L.

Experiences in the Prussian Ambulances.

II.

MEANWHILE we had reached the typhus-ambulance: the chief staff-surgeon preceded us up a staircase to a hay-loft where some of the patients were, and where the staff-surgeon and his assistant were making their usual visit. We were introduced to the two gentlemen as nursing brothers; but imagine our horror at recognizing in them the two Jews who had received us so pleasantly the day before! "O my prophetic soul!" However, I assumed the most friendly expression possible, as if I were beyond measure delighted to see them again: and they, too, had to look pleasant and lively, for there stood the all-powerful and dreaded head physician, with whom we were evidently in high favour, and who repeated, in presence of the two doctors, that he gave us full and unlimited authority in the ambulance, and charged us to refer to him in every difficulty. As soon as he was gone, the staff-surgeon began hectoring.

"Now then, gentlemen, as you are to take charge of the ambulance, I consider you answerable for everything that happens. You understand?"

"Certainly."

"I shall look to you if anything is irregular. You will have to see to the cleanliness of the place, for I allow no mess. You must see that the patients have their medicines at the right times. You understand?"

"Certainly. We will take care that the directions you give us are carried out."

"Very good. Remember, gentlemen, I require military obedience—military obedience. As you have chosen to place yourselves in this position as volunteer sick-nurses, I must insist upon this. It was quite unnecessary to do it—you might have stayed at home; but as you have chosen to place yourselves in this position, I shall require strict military obedience. Good morning, my lads."

The last words were addressed to the sick soldiers, whose beds were ranged all round, and who had heard the whole conversation.

As soon as the two surgeons were gone, most of the men burst out laughing, and one of them said, "Don't be alarmed, gentlemen, those doctors are a couple of jack-puddings, they talk a good deal, but they do nothing for us; we are wretchedly nursed."

"True enough," cried another, "the doctor is just letting us die,

and if things go on much longer as they are doing, not a mother's son of us will see his home again."

"No, no," broke in a third, "you'll see that everything will be different now; these are Brothers of Mercy. I have had experience of them, before now. You will see, we shall be properly looked after now."

"Yes, dear fellows," I said, "he is right. We will nurse, and do everything we can for you. Keep up your courage. By God's help we will not let you die. No, no; you are going to get well and go back to Germany."

We shook hands heartily with them all, and greeted them as our new patients, and then set to work, making their beds, giving them drink, and saying a kind word of sympathy to each. The new brothers soon gained the hearts of the patients, for now they knew that they could ask any service from us without fear of being refused.

These poor creatures, worn out as they were with dysentery and typhus, were rejoicing at the departure of an assistant in the ambulance, a rough coarse subaltern, who had treated the patients with most fearful brutality, refusing to give them anything to drink, scolding, and abusing them, and, it was said, actually striking some of them. "The mere sight of him," one man said to me, "turned one faint." His punishment came that very day; he was struck down with dysentery, and was ill from it fourteen days. When he recovered, I said to him, "Now, Mr. Subaltern, you know something of what a sick man feels."

But his conduct was just as bad as before, so one day I told him the plain truth, that I felt sure he would again be punished for his barbarity. A few days after this, he was seized with typhus, and grew worse every day; at length a large abscess formed in his neck, which became intolerably offensive, and he died in fearful agonies, and quite delirious.

Well might the head physician say that help was more needed in this ambulance than anywhere; we saw it more clearly every moment. The reader must excuse my description of it, it is well the truth should be known.

A great many of the sick lay in a barn (through which the wind blew, and into which the wet penetrated) in their own clothes, day and night, on damp straw, with only a single woollen covering to wrap themselves in, and nothing to put under their heads but a knapsack. In addition, they all had dysentery, many of them in its worse stage, they were suffering from violent pain and incessant loss of blood; and yet they were unprovided with the most ordinary conveniences—they had nothing, literally nothing.

These poor men, who could scarcely stand for weakness, were obliged to leave the barn on each attack of their fearful malady, and to drag themselves across the street to a garden a good distance off, and this in pouring rain or piercing cold. Many of them could not

reach the garden, and the whole street was covered with pools of blood. The stench in the barn was intolerable. Many of the men had taken off their clothes, which were stiff with blood, and lay there on the straw with nothing on but a shirt, wrapped in a cloak or the woollen coverlid, and shivering with cold. And the doctors and nurses had witnessed this state of things, not for days but weeks, without making an effort to alter it. The man whose business it was to see to it, the staff-surgeon, used to put his head in at the door once every morning, and call out in his strong Berlin accent—"Good morning, my lads! Slept well? Had a good breakfast? That's all right!" and away he went without paying the slightest attention to the groans and complaints of these miserable victims, or so much as prescribing medicine for them.

As for the nurse, he only came three times a day, to bring the ambulance meals. And such meals! In the morning, black coffee without a drop of milk, and black, often mouldy, ammunition bread. Very few were able to swallow the horrid mess, and those who did, forced themselves to drink it for the sake of having something warm; but none of them ate the bread, which made them ill and increased their sufferings. For dinner, they had soup and a bit of beef, the only tolerably eatable thing through the day, and gruel for supper. The typhus patients were rather better off; they were in a hay loft and in the cottages of some of the peasants, and had straw mattresses to lie on, but the diet was the same.

The first thing to be done was to remedy this state of things, and we inquired whether we could not have some milk for the worst cases. The answer was "No!" Nothing was given out from the ambulance kitchen but the regulation diet, three times a day. As to milk, it was not to be had at any price, for there were no cows in the village. As we were dismissed with the same answer in several quarters, we were really beginning to believe that it was the truth. But one day, when a poor fellow called out in agony—"O brother, for God's sake get me a drop of warm milk!" I ran out, resolved not to rest till I had found some at any price, and in the street I met an ambulance assistant with a can of milk.

"For whom is this?" I asked.

"For me!" the man answered rudely.

"Indeed! and where did you get it?"

"I bought it at that house."

Then there are some cows after all, I thought, and off I went to the house the man had pointed out. At the door, I almost knocked down a soldier, who was coming out with another can of milk.

"For whom is that milk?"

"For the staff-surgeon."

"How often do you get it here?"

"Twice a day, brother, morning and afternoon, for the coffee."

"And how much do you pay for it?"

"Two groschen the *chopin*."

"Thanks!" and then I went in, and offered to give the woman five *centimes* a *chopin* more, if she would sell me the whole of her milk every day. The bargain was soon made. "And now, my good woman," I said, "light a fire at once, and boil this milk for me. I want it for our patients. I will be back in half an hour."

So saying, I went away, and turned into the next house. Just as I expected, here too there was milk to be had, and, consequently, here too were cows, and here too the same bargain was struck. I had not been half through the village, and already I had found from eight to ten *chopins* of milk, which were not only delivered daily by the French peasants, but made hot by them morning and afternoon, at regular hours.

It may be imagined what faces of astonishment greeted me when I appeared in the ambulance at the end of half an hour, with a kettle full of hot milk.

Hardly had the first man drunk some, than he exclaimed joyfully—"O brother, dear brother! I feel well again! God reward you! You have saved our lives!"

When the rest heard what he said, they stretched out their hands, crying out—"Warm milk! Oh, me too, brother, pray give me some!" They were all greatly relieved after drinking it, and this strengthened me in my resolution. Thenceforward, we gave milk three times a day to the worst cases, and twice a day to the slighter cases and the convalescents. Our poor patients were different men now; a glad hope of recovery had taken the place of despair. Instead of the black bread, we gave them light biscuits which we had brought from Corny, and good white bread, which we bought from the French. Then, after one of us had undertaken the management of the *dépôt* for the charitable gifts, there came to the ambulance every day a dozen of Port, Tokay, and Bordeaux, things which the patients had never, or hardly ever seen till now. After much inquiring and petitioning, and many journeys backwards and forwards, we also extracted from the inspector thirty empty mattresses for the patients in the barn. Two of us set to work to stuff them, and by the evening we were able to see all the men lying more warmly and comfortably, and to give them all an extra woollen coverlid, a great boon in the cold October nights.

Well, we did our best. We never gave ourselves a moment's rest. We took turns in watching every night. The head physician, to whom I had to give my daily report, was perfectly satisfied; the Knights of St. John acknowledged our usefulness most heartily; and best of all, our patients were grateful and contented. There were only two persons with whom we could not get on, who never gave us a good word or a friendly look, but who were incessantly abusing us, quarrelling, and finding fault with us. These were the two Jews, our staff-surgeon and his assistant. The day after our arrival at the ambulance, the former came clattering up the staircase at nine o'clock, followed, with an important air, by his assistant.

"Good morning, my lads! Slept well? had a good breakfast? Now then, how are things going on? I am going to make my visit now, sir. What sort of a night have you had on the whole? Anything particular happened?"

The brother to whom he spoke replied that he was unable to give him any information on the point, as he had not sat up that night.

"*Zum donner!*" then burst out the staff-surgeon. "Where is the brother who had the night watch? It is his business to be here at nine o'clock, when I make my visit, and to give me his report. Where is he?"

"I am here, sir," said I, coming in at that moment.

"Where have you been?"

"I had some things to wash, and as it is not allowed near the houses, I had to go into the field."

"But it is your place to be here when I make my visit. Do you understand? I require military obedience. This is an intolerable piece of neglect."

"Yes, intolerable!" chimed in the assistant-surgeon.

And now the examination of the patients began. Some of them said they were much better to-day, and in no pain. "Aha, that is the effect of my medicine!" said the staff-surgeon, in a self-satisfied tone.

"Oh, no, sir," returned the patient eagerly. "We are always worse after the medicine. It is the warm milk that the brother has given us that has done us all so much good."

"Warm milk! Who ordered that?" and the staff-surgeon looked angrily, first at the assistant and then at me.

"I did not, certainly!" cried the assistant, in a tone of self-defence.

"I gave the men hot milk, sir," I said quietly, "because I know by experience that it relieves the pain and the violence of the disease."

Then his suppressed wrath broke out.

"How dare you presume to give anything to the patients without my orders? I positively forbid it. You are here to obey, and not to act as you think proper. I forbid your ever giving another drop of milk. Milk is exceedingly injurious, is it not?" turning to his colleague.

"Certainly, exceedingly injurious," replied the echo.

"But, sir," said the patient timidly, "I have been ever so much better for the milk. I feel quite another man."

"My good fellow, you understand nothing about it. Take the soup; that is much better for you."

He passed on to another. "Well, and how are you getting on?"

"O doctor, this is the first night I have had some sleep. Thank God, the military nurses are gone! One gets one's rest now, and a drink when one wants it."

"Ah, well. I'm glad you got to sleep. Taken your medicine? Why, how's this? the bottle's half full! Brother, didn't I tell you to give this man a spoonful of the medicine every hour, night and day? Why hasn't it been done?"

"Doctor, the man has been sleeping for the first time for a long while. I could not wake him!"

"Now then, take care! You must do what I order; how are men to get well, if they don't get their medicine? I must insist on your obeying my orders strictly, brother; if not, I must take other steps. This man must have a spoonful of the medicine every hour: you understand?"

"But indeed, sir," said the poor fellow in a pitiful voice, "I am in horrible pain after the medicine, and it does no good."

"Very well," said the staff-surgeon, "then I will order you something different. Let us try it with alkali."

And so he went on, trying and trying, till the man died, as many of them did when first we came. In spite of all the talking, the seventy patients were visited in half an hour, and before he left the staff-surgeon once more expressly forbade my giving milk to the patients. The poor men were in the greatest excitement. I tried to calm them by saying, "My dear fellows, don't be uneasy. I will soon see that you get the milk; trust me for that."

I went straight to the head physician's quarters, and told him the whole story, describing the condition of our patients, the treatment of the staff-surgeon, and asking how I should act. When I had finished, he said, "There isn't a greater ass living than that Dr. U——. There's no doing anything with him, and he is just killing the men with his treatment. You have done quite right, and I order you to give the patients as much warm milk as you please, and if anybody has anything to say about it, just say that I have ordered it. I also request you to come to me every day, and mention anything you have to complain of in the ambulance, or any arrangements that you think necessary; then we can talk it over, and I will give the requisite orders."

I at once mentioned that there was a want of the most necessary articles. There was not a broom, not a glass, no spoons, no knives; and I added other wants even more pressing.

"We must alter this," he said, "that Dr. U—— sees to nothing. Do you just go to the inspector, and ask him for everything you want. Tell him you come from me. And, *à propos*, how about the dépôt? Have you got the management of it now?"

"Not yet, doctor. I have twice sent a brother to the inspector, but he dismissed him each time. On the first occasion he said he was not at leisure then; on the second, that he did not want the brother."

"Doesn't want him, eh? I dare say not. But I want the brother, and I mean to have him, too. I shall have something else, too, to say to the inspector."

"I do, once more, beg of you, doctor," I said, "to let us off the dépôt business. It will really create an ill-feeling."

"No, no," was the answer, "that's just what I can't do. You shall see that I am master in my own ambulance. I am willing to do every-

thing I can for you, but now you must do this for me, and undertake the dépôt."

So saying, he went out, and sent for the inspector, who soon made his appearance.

"I have sent for you, sir, to ask you why you have not handed over the dépôt to the brother, as I desired you."

"You must excuse me, doctor, but I have really had no time."

"Then you must make time, and at once too. Fetch the key, I will come myself. And will you, brother, be so kind as to call the one of your number who is to manage the dépôt?"

I sent one of our brothers to the head physician's quarters, and he was immediately installed as manager of the dépôt. He discharged the office of distributing the charitable gifts (a very difficult and disagreeable one under the circumstances) for nearly two months with the greatest diligence, and to the entire satisfaction not only of the head physician, but of all the other doctors, all the five inspectors whom it was our fate to possess, nay, even of all the nurses and assistants in the ambulance, for no one came short—that was what the head physician wanted. No need to say that the sick and wounded were satisfied. When the brother was obliged to go back to Germany in consequence of an attack of typhus, the doctors gave him the best testimonials, and both patients and nurses thanked him in the warmest terms.

This administration of the dépôt stores, which we hesitated about so much at first, proved after all the most effectual means of gaining us universal goodwill, because it was conducted liberally, disinterestedly, and impartially. We took nothing for ourselves, being amply supplied by the generous offerings sent to us from Corny by the indefatigable kindness of Father —. These were sufficient for ourselves and our ambulance, as well as for many invalids and guests in the village. We take this opportunity of thanking him for them, as well as for his great brotherly kindness, with a most heartfelt "God reward him."

To return. After receiving the head physician's approval of my milk cure, and his authority for its continuance, I went back to the ambulance, to recommence giving it out. Just as I was crossing the street with the full, steaming kettle, whom should I meet—luckily or unluckily, who can say?—but our staff-surgeon. The moment he caught sight of me, down he swooped, like a hawk on an unfortunate jay.

"What does this mean? Are you giving the patients milk again, already?"

"Yes, I am," I answered, putting down the kettle very carefully, so as not to spill a drop.

"And how can you venture to act in opposition to my express orders?"

"I beg your pardon. I have reported the condition and treatment of your patients to the head physician; and he entirely agrees with me, that milk is the best thing for them. I have his orders to give it to them, and I intend to carry them out."

"What? the head physician! And what have you to do with him? You are placed under *me*—do you understand?"

"Quite true," I answered, "but that does not prevent my referring to the head physician whenever I choose."

"A fine tale, indeed," and so saying the staff-surgeon turned away hastily, and I went with my milk into the ambulance.

Every day we had some scene of this sort, fault-finding and scolding *usque ad nauseam*, whilst the most frivolous pretexts were laid hold of to drive away the detested brothers. The staff-surgeon went so far as to say expressly, "Since these brothers have been here, the ambulance has been in a state of disorder and confusion that is intolerable. Formerly two military nurses were sufficient, everything was clean and orderly, and the patients were satisfied. Now six of these brothers are not enough, and the patients are contented with nothing."

It is true that in saying this he uttered an unmitigated falsehood, which was believed by no one, and the patients declared that they were a hundred times better off than before. But still the staff-surgeon made things so hard for us in this way, that for a time it was a regular dog's life. However, as the proverb says, "The jug goes many a time to the well, and is broken at last," or as we have it in Suabia, "There's an end to every joke." And at last came a scene, which finished up this gentleman.

One day, orders came to discharge some convalescents from the ambulance, in order to make room for some newly arrived patients. The staff-surgeon came bursting in, with his usual violence, calling out, "Clear out here, clear out!" then, without an inquiry as to the condition of individual cases, he mentioned those who were to leave the ambulance in order to be conveyed in litters either to the railway for Ars-sur-Moselle, or to a store ambulance at Corny. But among the patients mentioned were some who were unable to walk or stand, and who still lost a great deal of blood every day. We told this to the staff-surgeon, but he would not listen, and kept calling out, "Come, come, clear out!" Then the patients themselves entreated for pity, and that they might stay a few days longer.

"Nothing of the sort!" cried the Jew. "Out of the beds! They are too lazy to get up. March!"

Some obeyed, trembling with weakness, and dressed themselves with the help of the brother.

There was one man, however, who literally could not. Once more I begged the staff-surgeon to let this one, at least, remain; but when he gave me no answer but a grunt, I thought, "Now then, you shall repent it this time; we shall see who wins:" and off I ran straight to the head physician's quarters, and told my story. He went with me to the ambulance, and without even looking at the staff-surgeon, he turned to the patients who were to be discharged, made inquiries as to their condition and whether they felt strong enough to get up and travel. When some of them answered in the negative, he ordered

them to remain. Then turning to the staff-surgeon, he said, "For the future, not a single patient here is to be discharged till I have seen him myself." And so saying, he left us alone with the staff-surgeon, who immediately turned upon me.

"What do you mean, fellow, by running off to the head physician? You are under *me*; I am the person you ought to refer to."

"And I did so; but if you continue to treat the patients as you have done, I shall go to the head physician every time, I promise you." So ended the first act: now comes the second.

The next day the staff-surgeon came into the ambulance, and by way of evincing his care for the sick, he ordered the application of the cold water cure in the case of some typhus patients, who, in spite of everything, had come to the last extremity. He concluded with the words, "In this I require from the brothers the most exact compliance with my orders, for the lives of these men are at stake. You (turning to the assistant-surgeon) will be present when the wrapping up is done, and see that everything is as it should be. I cannot place any dependence on the brothers."

"Certainly, sir; I will see to it."

The staff-surgeon took his departure; the assistant remained. I said to him, "Shall we begin at once, doctor? What is the first thing to be done?"

The gentleman had been looking through the window to see that the staff-surgeon was really gone, and when he had satisfied himself on the point he said, "Just look here, brother; you can do it yourself perfectly well. You know all about the cold water cure, and wrapping up the patients, don't you?"

"Certainly I do; but I should prefer your being present, as the staff-surgeon wishes it."

"No, no—it really is unnecessary. I quite trust to you; you can do it." And so saying he went into the other house of our ambulance to get the brother there too to carry out the directions of the staff-surgeon. He, however, told him plainly that he knew nothing whatever of the process, and that he must do what had to be done himself. And so, *nolens volens*, he had to submit to perform the business. *How* he did so, we shall soon see.

Meanwhile, the staff-surgeon was walking about the village, smoking his cigar, satisfied, doubtless, that he had done his best for the patients. But there is no such thing as bargaining with fate; and the evil genius of the staff-surgeon soon entered the ambulance in the presence of the head physician. I had just wrapped my patients for the third time in wet cloths and coverlids when he arrived. He looked with a face of astonishment and compassion at the poor fellows, who lay shivering and groaning in the cold wet sheets. Then the veins in his forehead swelled, and he said, in a tone of suppressed indignation, "Did the staff-surgeon order this?" I replied in the affirmative.

"When did he give the order?"

"About an hour since."

He said no more, but hastily turned to go. I stopped him, and begged him to tell me what he thought of these patients.

"Those three," he said, "have not a chance; and it is sheer madness to wrap up dying men in that way."

Then he told me to give the poor fellows a spoonful of strong wine every half hour—it was just possible it might be of use; and he went into the other house. But at the unexpected sight that met his eyes he stood still, literally paralyzed with astonishment, on the threshold. In the middle of the room stood a patient, half dead from typhus, with a wet sheet wrapped round his pallid body, supported on the right by the assistant-surgeon, on the left by the brother, to keep him from falling.

"What does this mean? What are you about?" asked the head physician.

"I am wrapping this patient in wet sheets, doctor," said the assistant.

"But, in heaven's name," cried the other, "is that the way to do it? Is this the way to treat a sick person—a man hardly able to stand from weakness and pain? It is too bad; lay him on the bed directly."

As he went away he said, "If I had not seen it with my own eyes, nothing would have made me believe in such idiotic barbarity; but I will soon put an end to it."

That was act the second; now for the third and last.

One morning I entered the ambulance after the staff-surgeon had paid his visit. The other brothers greeted me with the news that he had been again making a tremendous row. Amongst other complaints, he accused us of throwing dirty *charpie* out of the windows into the street. The brother replied, that as we had no wounded under our care, we never used any *charpie*, and that if there was any lying in the street, we had nothing to do with it, and were not obliged to clear it away. The staff-surgeon would not listen to him, however, and ordered one of the brothers to clear the *charpie* out of the puddles before the ambulance, and to carry it out of the village. I merely told the brother to do nothing of the sort, and to refer the staff-surgeon to me. After awhile, back came the old Cerberus to see that his orders had been obeyed, and on perceiving that this was not the case, he dashed up the staircase like a fire-rocket, and attacked the brother, who stood his ground firmly and quietly, saying that the other brother had told him he was not to clean the street. The doctor now rushed out like a wounded boar, to find me. As soon as he got hold of me, he shouted, "So you have been telling the other brother not to obey me? Do you know that I can turn the whole pack of you out of my ambulance?"

"Do so, if you like," I answered coolly. "I have long since had enough of your ill-usage. It has been nothing but pity for the poor patients that has kept us here; but for their sakes we mean to stay till the last."

"We'll see about that!" said the Jew, through his teeth, "And now, sir, if you are still in doubt whether I am right or not, I will show you. Be so good as to follow me."

I was curious to see where he would take me; it proved to be into the street, where he led me to a rubbish-heap, and pointed with his sword to the *charpie*.

"I really beg your pardon, doctor, but that is paper not *charpie*," and I took some bits out of the straw.

"Paper, indeed! it is *charpie*, and I desire that you will tell the brothers to clean the whole of this space before the ambulance."

And he turned his back to me, and went away. I was on the point of once more telling him plainly that we would not do it, when a bright idea suddenly struck me.

On the other side of the street were standing three Knights of St. John, two of Malta, and one or two of the surgeons. They were only a few steps from me, and had been attentive spectators of the foregoing scene. The staff-surgeon joined the group, muttering and grumbling, and all the gentleman began inquiring what was the matter between him and the brothers. He immediately began abusing, and complaining of us. Everything was the perfection of order before we came, and since our arrival the dirt and confusion of the whole place was past belief.

"Wait a bit, my good sir," I thought, "you shall get your own way this time, and much good may it do you!"

So I went in with all speed, fetched a broom, a shovel, and a great empty box, and set to work before the whole party, fishing in the rubbish-heap with both hands for *charpie* and paper, shovelling as much as I could carry into my box, which I finally lifted on my shoulders, and, panting with my load, staggered with it out of the village. On my return, I easily perceived that all the gentlemen were making indignant remonstrances to the staff-surgeon, who stood there, assailed on all sides, and looking exceedingly small. I went on steadily with my work, swept the street, cleaned the puddles, and again filled my box. I could distinctly hear the gentlemen saying to the staff-surgeon, "Really, doctor, this is too much, You cannot possibly expect the brothers to sweep the street, and carry away the rubbish; it is an unheard of thing. If the way you treat volunteer sick-nurses gets abroad, we shall never get any one else to come, and where shall we be then?"

One of the Knights of St. John went further, and said in a decided manner, "I cannot allow this, sir; either you must go instantly and forbid the brother going on with this work, or I will."

The Jew, who was as much coward as bully, put the best face he could on it, and crossed the street. I pretended not to see him, and went on at my sweeping and cleaning, till the perspiration ran from my forehead. Presently he began. "Come now, listen to me, brother; pray listen, and don't excite yourself. That will do, don't do any more."

"But I must, doctor. You gave me orders to clean this space here, and I have to obey."

"Oh, come, brother, I didn't say that. That wasn't what I meant."

"I beg your pardon, doctor, you *did* say so."

"Well, well, let one of the other brothers do it."

"Excuse me, my brothers are just as good as I am. What they can do, I can do; and if you think cleaning the street is not fit work for me, neither do I think it fit for them."

"Well, well," in an insinuating tone, "do not be so angry with me."

But I was in full swing now, and so I went on, raising my voice, so that the party on the other side of the street could hear me. "But I *am* angry, and with good reason; for our object in coming here was to nurse the sick, and that was the work assigned to us by the head physician, not sweeping the street, and you have no right whatever to order us to do so. We have always done our duty; we nurse the sick, of whom you take no care; we breathe the sickening and infected air of the ambulance day and night; you can scarcely stand it for a quarter of an hour. I have cleaned the street at your bidding, in order to show you that we do not shirk the meanest office, but I will not suffer you to treat us according to your humour. The head physician shall hear of this." So saying, I shouldered my box, and went off with it.

"The assistant-surgeon got his share, too, that day. On returning to the ambulance, I related the foregoing scene, to the great enjoyment of the brothers, and they then told me that the assistant-surgeon, too, had been there abusing the brothers. So there was a lecture in store for him also, and as I was just in the humour for it, I went downstairs, and overtook him in the street.

"I have just heard, sir," I said, "that you have been abusing me and the other brothers, and that is a thing I cannot allow. If you have any ground of complaint against us, I have no objection whatever to your making it either to the staff-surgeon or head physician, but I cannot allow you to talk against me behind my back, or to treat us slightly before the patients."

He was on the point of making an angry answer, but I gave him no time to do so, and went on—

"We are with the patients day and night, doing everything for them; we work till we are worn out with fatigue, and you never lift a finger for them, and play cards half the day till eleven o'clock at night, how can you presume to find fault with us?"

"It is not your place to reprimand me," cried the assistant, red with passion.

"I am not reprimanding you, sir; I am merely speaking truth. If you like I will go with you to the head physician, and you can make any complaint you please to him; but I give you fair warning that I, too, shall speak plainly."

My friend, however, seemed by no means inclined to take this course, and so I left him. The head physician heard the story, but not from us. On the afternoon of the same day the staff-surgeon was removed from his post at our ambulance, and, on the strength of his loudly-expressed liking for cleanliness, was appointed general inspector of sanitary matters, an office obliging him to inspect, discuss, and disinfect all the unsavoury places in the village. Whenever we met him in the village on these scientific voyages of discovery, we always greeted him in the most friendly way, not wishing to keep up any quarrel with him. The staff-surgeon who succeeded him in our ambulance, was a most amiable, experienced, and attentive man, from A——, to whom we owe the greatest gratitude for his kindness. Under his excellent superintendence we had the charge of the ambulance for two full months; and when, at the end of a fortnight, two brothers from G——, worn out with fatigue, fell sick of typhus, he took them under his care, visited them twice, often three times a day, and, after God, and the prayers of our fathers and brothers in Germany, it is to him that we owe their lives; for they were so near death as to have received the last sacraments.

From the day that this doctor undertook the charge of our ambulance, a new life began for us and for the patients, who met with the most sympathizing attention at his hands. Best of all, the cold, damp barn and the hay-loft were abandoned, and instead, another large house, which was standing empty, was arranged for the purpose. By the great liberality of our devoted friends, the Knights of St. John, together with the presents sent by the father at Corny, and a second generous contribution from the S—— Sanitary Association, we were enabled to set up a capital kitchen for the patients; and now even the assistant-surgeon was won over, and showed himself to be a Jew without prejudices on the subject of pork, and ever since he was provided by the brother, at his own request, with a ham sandwich, he became as tame as possible. Our own position, too, was essentially improved after the first fortnight. Our numbers were soon doubled by the arrival of four more brothers; and, in addition, a father came, who provided for the spiritual needs of the Catholic patients, and afterwards nursed the two brothers with the utmost devotion, and on their recovery took them back to Germany.

(To be continued.)

La Rondinella.

FROM MARCO VISCONTI.

RONDINELLA pellegrina,
Che ti posi sul verone,
Ricantando ogni mattina
Quella flebile canzone ;
Che vuoi dirmi in tua favella,
Pellegrina Rondinella ?

Solitaria nell' obbligo,
Dal tuo sposo abbandonata,
Piangi forse al pianto mio,
Vedovetta sconsolata ?
Piangi piangi in tua favella,
Pellegrina Rondinella !

Pur di me manco infelice,
Tu alle penne almen' t'affidi,
Scorri il lago e la pendice,
Empi l'aria de' tuoi gridi
Tutto 'l giorno in tua favella,
Pellegrina Rondinella !

Oh se anch'io !—ma lo contende
Questa bassa angusta volta,
Dove il sole non risplende,
Dove l'aria ancor m'e tolta.
Dove a te la mia favella
Giunge appena, O Rondinella.

Il settembre innanzi viene,
Gia lasciarmi ti prepari :
Tu vedrai lontane arene,
Nuovi monti, nuove mari
Salutando in tua favella,
Pellegrina Rondinella !

Ed io tutte le mattine
Riaprendo gli occhi al pianto,
Fra le nevi e fra le brine
Crederò d'udir quel canto,
Onde par che in tua favella
Mi compiangi, O Rondinella !

Una croce a primavera
Troverai su questo suolo :
Rondinella, in su la sera
Sovra lei raccogli il volo :
Dimmi pace in tua favella,
Pellegrina Rondinella !

La Rondinella.

(TRANSLATION.)

PILGRIM swallow, sitting closely
Perched beside my lattice pane,
Ever singing every morning,
Such a melancholy strain :
Gentle pilgrim swallow, say,
What thou meanest by thy lay ?

All alone, and all forgotten,
And abandoned by thy mate,
Dost thou weep to see me weeping,
Little widow, desolate ?
Evermore that plaintive lay,
Pilgrim swallow, weep away !

Yet thou art not so unhappy,
Thou canst spread thy wings and fly
Over lake and over mountain,
Uttering thy mournful cry :
In the free air all the day,
Swallow, thou mayst sing thy lay.

Oh, if I too !—but I languish
In this low and narrow cell,
Where the glad sun never shineth,
Whence they take the air as well,
Whence, alas, I hardly may
Reach thee, swallow, with my lay.

Now, anon, September cometh,
Thou, too, then wilt go from me,
Far away to distant mountains,
To another land and sea,
Pilgrim swallow, thou wilt say
Sweet good-morrow in thy lay.

I the while, each weary morning,
Waking but to weep and sigh,
Through the frost and snow shall fancy,
Swallow, that I hear thy cry ;
Ever seemed that plaintive lay
Kind and tender things to say.

When the spring again shall bring thee,
Here a cross will mark my tomb.
Gentle swallow, hover o'er it,
In the quiet evening gloom.
Little pilgrim swallow, stay,
Bid " God rest him," in thy lay.

Chapters of Contemporary History.

IV.—THE PRISONER OF THE VATICAN.

THE stay of Clement the Seventh in the Castel S. Angelo during the sack of Rome, 1527, while the city was a prey to the fanatical Protestant soldiery of the Catholic Emperor, and when not a Christian Power stretched out a hand to help the Pope, presents many points of resemblance to the present position of Pius the Ninth in the Vatican. From his windows in the great palace of Sixtus the Fifth, our Holy Father sees the tricolour of Italy floating over Rome, he sees the uniform of a hostile force in its streets, and we might with little exaggeration say that he can see the churches and monastic buildings turned from their sacred purposes, and impiety and vice lifting their heads everywhere unreprieved, if not protected.

Victor Emmanuel in the Quirinal, its chapels turned into ball-rooms or boudoirs; the Roman College an Italian Lycée; Protestant and unbelieving teachers in the schools; the Blessed Sacrament no longer borne in triumph through the streets, and indeed every religious emblem outside the churches first insulted and then torn down; an ex-Garibaldian—grand treasurer of the Italian lodges—at the head of the municipality; shop-windows and places of public amusement rivaling each other in exhibitions of moral corruption: such are but a few of the present surroundings of the great Basilica of St. Peter, and of the home of St. Peter's Successor.

But there is much more than what catches the eye of a Catholic when he returns again to that one spot which, after Jerusalem or with Jerusalem, holds the fastest place in his heart. The leaders of the Italian Revolution, not perhaps the actors, but those who really command, understood well what they sought for when perseveringly and persistently they stirred up the clamour for Rome. And the Pope was as clear-sighted as they, and far more clear-sighted than many honest men who, at least before 1870, thought that he might and ought

to yield to this clamour, and hand over Rome to secular rulers. The speeches of both the heroic Pontiff and his victorious enemies leave now no doubt that the issues of the taking of the Eternal City were vaster and more important, not only to the Church, but to every established power on earth, than any event since the revolt of the sixteenth century. Whatever way God may take to carry out His promises, and to shield His Church, a terrible blow has been dealt to her freedom, and to her organized government. Though the Temporal Principedom is the growth of time, and capable of being superseded by the unlimited resources of God's power, it is clearly in His ordinary providence, as has been so solemnly declared, necessary for the well-being and good government of the Church.

We ought to be deeply grateful that, whatever moral chains surround our venerable and beloved Pope, the word of the Pastor, at all events, "is not bound." Fearlessly and frankly he lets his voice be heard, and, for the last four years, the sense of the imperious obligation of guiding and encouraging his stricken flock has made him, spite of his age and infirmity, multiply himself by the number and variety of addresses and allocutions, which he has delivered to the faithful gathered round his throne. The pious care of a Roman priest has collected all, or nearly all, of his discourses.¹ Don Pasquale de Franciscis seems to have, at least for some time back, to have taken them down accurately word by word. We are thus able to learn the exact utterances of Pius the Ninth on many subjects, which we knew only through the dubious medium of Reuter's telegrams, or the letters of correspondents, whose views often give a colour to the expressions attributed to the Pope. Some delivered with that rapid improvisation of which Pius the Ninth is so great a master, some showing signs of more careful preparation, they give us a thorough insight into his mind. We trace the influence of the events of the hour on a heart which, because so large and generous, is all the more open to the grief and sorrows which surge in upon it. When men's judgments are calmer, the history of our time will present no figure to be compared in grandeur with that of the helpless Prisoner of the Vatican, unbending and unfeared before the powers of evil, breathing in every line the majesty of the greatest

¹ *Discorsi del S. P. Pio IX. pronunziati in Vaticani, per la prima volta raccolti.*
Dal P. Don Pasquale de Franciscis.

of God's creatures on earth, yet cheerful, even playful, in face of his tremendous sorrow, because of his unassailable trust in God. It is not merely the traditional familiarity which has, at least for years back, characterized the relations between sovereigns and subjects in Italy, that throws open his presence-chamber to those who seek him, but the radiant calm and gladness, with which Pius the Ninth welcomes all how poor and lowly soever, has its source deeper down in the habitual putting on of Christ, Whose Vicar and representative he never forgets that he is. Almost every time he has occasion to speak, one sees the fruit of his morning meditation in some happy adaptation of the Gospel of the day, or in the application of some passage of the Old Testament which he has been prayerfully studying, or the saint, whose office he had been saying, comes forward as an example. The devotion of the youth of Rome remind him that a young maiden was the first to recognize St. Peter, when an angel delivered him from *his* prison. And the young man, who followed our Divine Lord covered only with a sheet, suggests a lesson of fidelity to His Vicar, "by stripping themselves of every human passion, so as to be free and ready to fly from vice, strong and persevering in the teaching of our holy religion and the exercise of Christian virtue." Pius the Ninth's love of the young comes out very prominently. He feels that the assault of evil in our days is specially directed against them. His interest centres naturally about them. The associations of young men in Rome, Bologna, and the other Italian cities, are subjects of the greatest joy to him, and nowhere does he speak more hopefully than when the youth are gathered around him, as on October 2, 1871, when two thousand young men of Rome came to protest by their presence against the impious and ludicrous plebiscite of the previous year, just as the Roman nobility had done immediately before. He repeated to them the "good words, comfortable words," that God answered to Zachary the Prophet by the angel, when he asked—"How long wilt Thou not have mercy on Jerusalem?" "I am angry with a great anger;" but, He added, "I will return in mercies to Jerusalem."

The children from the poor schools always find a hearty welcome; and when as once happened, the little child who had been chosen, as is the way in Italy, to recite a sonnet to His Holiness, overcome by the nearness to one so great, burst out into a fit of sobbing, he made her come to his side, and

by gentle coaxing, and beating time to the rhythm of her verse, got her through her task of honour.

Then we mark strongly his love for Italy. The very same feeling which animated him when he ascended the throne as an Italian Prince, still burns in his heart. We should remember that in 1845 Pius the Ninth was no young enthusiast. But there is a special force, which his past experience give to them, in words like these—"Would that Italy *were* constituted (*fatta*), would that they had succeeded in making it strong and compact, so that, like the other great Powers, it should have its weight in the destinies of Europe! But a great Italy, without God, without faith, without religion, with the destruction which they vainly attempt of the Papacy, no, *it* never can be."² And again, when speaking to the deputations from the cities of Italy, who, on occasion of his Jubilee, laid at his feet more than £13,000, and an address bearing seven hundred and fifty thousand signatures,

I, too, am an Italian [he exclaimed]. A perfidious meaning was in days gone by given to these words. When, from the Loggia of the Quirinal, which now they do not choose should any longer be mine, I used to bless Italy, these words were travestied into a blessing of the Revolution. But I blessed Italy then, as I bless it again to-day; I blessed it, and I bless it, for the good works which are done in every part of it, for its bursts of affection towards me, which have not their source in this world, and for all that the excellent Catholics of Italy have suffered, and do suffer, for its real good. I bless this land, bathed with the blood of so many martyrs, made illustrious by the examples of sainted men in every age.

And to a second Deputation, which represented one hundred and ninety-seven cities of Italy, the following year, Pius the Ninth again came back on the same thought.

See once again the calumniators of the Holy See confounded by your presence here. They dare to assert the Pontiff has forgotten Italy, and turned the blessing he gave full twenty-four years ago into scorn. The Pope is always the same; I blessed Italy, I bless it still. But I do not bless the professors, the masters who, with the consent of those in power, seek to corrupt the heart, to pervert the mind of heedless youth. I bless Italy, but I do not bless the usurpers of the Church, the enemies of God. I do *not* bless the spoilers of her churches, those who lead scandalous lives, the profaners of holy images; no, I cannot bless

² Discourse 26, made to the ladies of the Roman aristocracy, April 12, 1871.

either these sacrilegious wretches, or those who take little or no care to keep such within the bounds of duty. I bless Italy, not those who oppress it; I bless Italy, not those who lead it astray.³

The memories of his past life occur again and again. The terrible days of the Quirinal, the sacrilegious communion of the amnestied at St. Pietro in Vincoli, the pressure put upon him by his Liberal Ministry to unsay the heroic Encyclical wherein he refused to go to war with Austria, are well known to history. His answer to propositions against justice was then as now—*Non possumus*.

It was 1848, when in this very palace (the Vatican), where I was for Holy Week, there came forward, one evening, some who formed part of a certain Commission, and who said they were sent by A. and B., whose names I need not mention. They offered the Pope the presidency of some sort of Italian Government. But naturally that very evening, that very instant, the Pope answered as he was bound to answer; he answered that his right was to keep what God had given him, not to do wrong to others, nor to violate the principles of justice. The Pontiff authorizes neither theft, nor usurpation. All went away. There was no use making the request a second time.⁴

In the first years of my Pontificate [he says on another occasion], before quitting Rome, when I was forced to do so, there was a certain Minister (now dead) fairly revolutionary, but still a quiet sort of man, one who did not flourish a stiletto, or pistol, or a *revolver* as they call it now-a-days. He used to assure me that once the Tedeschi (Austrians) are gone—and here he added a word spelt with an *a* and two *c*'s, and an *i*—*acci*,⁵ “we want nothing more, Holy Father; once free from their yoke, we shall be faithful subjects of your Holiness. And God forbid that any one should dare to touch the religion of Jesus Christ! Woe to him who touches the Vicar of God! We shall be your defenders, your support, and the support of religion.” You have seen what has happened. These promises have been thrown to the winds.⁶

No wonder with such recollections Pius the Ninth has resolutely refused to hear of conciliation or of concessions.

Frank in his expressions of affection towards the whole Catholic world, towards France perhaps pre-eminently, towards England for whom he challenged the very love of St. Gregory as not greater than his own, the Holy Father is equally frank

³ Discourse 188. To the Representatives of the Cities of Italy, June 21, 1872.

⁴ Discourse 158. To the Parishioners of Sta. Maria del Popolo, March 10, 1872.

⁵ The well-known suffix of contempt in Italian.

⁶ Discourse 181. To the pious Union of Catholic Women of Rome, June 13, 1872.

in his expressions of dislike and reprobation. Thus to the French Deputation on June 18, 1871, he said—

Atheism in the laws, indifferentism in religion, and those pernicious maxims they call Liberal Catholicity ; these, these are the true causes of the ruin of States, and these have dragged down France into such ruin. Believe me, this evil is an evil more terrible than the Revolution, than the very Commune.

Here the Holy Father put both hands to his forehead and with signs of great sorrow and anger exclaimed—"I have always condemned Liberal Catholicity ;" and then vehemently raising on high both his hands, he added, "and I should condemn it forty times over, if needs be."

And in the April of the same year, he addressed, amidst a deputation of all nations, the following words to the French there present—

I pray ardently that that nation may be united and in harmony, and that certain exaggerated parties may disappear once for all. There is a party that fears too much the influence of the Pope ; but I tell them, that without humility, no party can be just. There is another party far too intolerant, which forgets altogether the laws of charity. These I remind, that without charity no one can be really a Catholic.

And again those memorable words he spoke to the English Deputation, on April 5th, 1871.

The sight of you recalls to my mind one of my great predecessors, St. Gregory the Great. I am his successor, and, if I cannot compare myself to him either in virtue or learning, I certainly do not yield to him in love towards you and your Church of England. I have done what I could to extend it and multiply it, to enlarge this Church of your country, *which was once the Island of Saints*, and which has shown in the world and in society such great power up to this very day. I begged St. Gregory to suggest to me what I should say to-day, and two thoughts presented themselves to me. The first is that you must always remain united, and that your zeal be ever harmonious, like that which we witness throughout the Catholic world. As was in the beginning of Christianity, so let it be said of you—*Credentium erat cor unum et anima una*. I pray you, then, be ever united one with another. I charge you to tell it to your bishops ; let your bishops be united with you, and you with your bishops, and if any one holds back, I should like to know him, so as to be able to suggest to him to unite himself with the rest, and march together against the common foes of religion and the Church.

The Holy Father showed that this was no mere commonplace, for he repeated it again not long after to a deputation headed by Lord Gainsborough.

Moreover [His Holiness continued], my dear children, one must have courage, courage to speak in defence of the rights of the Church against its enemies, who in Italy, as elsewhere, make war against it. This war is not against the Pope only. Many there are who do not wish to hear mention of Jesus Christ and the Blessed Virgin. In such a war we must unite all our efforts. The gates of hell can never prevail.

These are words uttered by one who looks at us from a standpoint which enables him calmly to judge our faults and our weak points. They are words of a Pastor who corrects because he loves. Our insular position, our apparent safety from revolution or persecution, should not let us lose for a moment sympathy practical and profound for our suffering mother the Church.

On New Year's Day, 1873, Pius the Ninth answered the deputation of the religious orders. The telegram, with its usual veracity, said that Pius the Ninth had replied to them by assuring them their suppression was deserved by their laxity, or words to that effect. In a moment like that, such words, even if deserved, could hardly have fallen from his august lips. The whole Discourse, number 242 of the series, would well repay insertion. His Holiness, while showing how persecution came naturally on the chosen soldiers of Jesus Christ, quoted a bishop who in 1814 wrote to Pius the Seventh expressing a wish that with the restoration of the religious orders which was then in progress, there would be a like revival of all those virtues which should "adorn the souls of those athletes who have to fight in this world."

It may happen that there are even now, and no doubt there have been, some wretches who, abusing their priestly character, their character of religious, forget the holiness of their vocation, and are a scandal to the world by their wicked life. But I trust their small number is not that which forces the hand of Divine Justice to oppress us so. It is a secret, a mystery of God's providence, about which I am ignorant. But a day will come when it will be made known, and men will be forced to admire that Providence, even in this suppression.

But if he did not fear to reprove his erring children, much less did Pius the Ninth quail before the great colossal Powers

of this earth. Speaking on June 24, 1872, to a deputation of Germans residing in Rome, he told fearlessly what had passed between him and Bismark.

We have sent to tell him (so you may say it to the whole world) that a triumph without modesty is not lasting, that a triumph with opposition to the Church is the greatest folly. The very opposition which Catholics make to that persecutor will hasten the lessening of this triumph. I have ordered the Prime Minister to be told that up to this very time Catholics favoured the German Empire; that from bishops, priests, Catholics of good sense, I have had constant information which told me they were content with the cordial way they were treated by the Government, while the Government showed itself satisfied with the Catholics. How, after these declarations and acknowledgments, how can the Catholics be changed into people who do not obey, into conspirators? This is the question I have ordered to be put to him, and I wait a reply. But no reply have I got, because there is none to be given which would be in harmony with truth.

In the previous year, on June 20, 1871, he had said to the Alsatians, after lauding their devotion to the Holy See, "I trust your new master will leave you alone, especially in what has to do with religion. *Questo signore*—this lord has written some letters to me too, always assuring me that he wished my rights should be respected, that he desired to be able to employ for the Holy See, &c. Fine letters, fine words. . . . That will do, this is not the moment to speak. . . . That is to say, one must always speak and tell the truth, and I *shall* tell it." Pius the Ninth clearly foresaw, as he had done in 1848, what would be the outcome of these "fine words."

Nor was he less outspoken about his gaoler. On the 2nd of July, 1871, Victor Emmanuel made his triumphal entry into Rome, and the following day had his levée in the Quirinal. The doors had been broken open as our readers will remember, and the rooms which had once received the members of the Royal House of Savoy in days of their sorrow, had become the stolen property of their unworthy successor. In his speech the King said, among other things, that "the declaration of Infallibility, to which he *could not consent*, was the reason why intelligent people were alienated from the cause of the Pope, and why seculars, who were free from prejudices, were opposed to him."⁷ At the very same hour, Pius the Ninth was

⁷ *La Liberta* (Ministerial paper), July 4, 1871.

receiving the homage of two thousand faithful officials of his Government, and he alluded as follows to the triumphant Sovereign.

I know, and I have seen it published, that the very one who has made himself the chief support of the Revolution, has owned, that to come to Rome he has lost even his conscience. Take note of so precious a confession. May God give him back his conscience, and so make him truly penitent, at least on his bed of sickness.

This looks like a reminder of the gleam of repentance of which there was talk, when Victor Emmanuel was ill at Florence. A few days after a number of girls of various schools offered His Holiness a gilded palm in whose leaves were concealed their offering of four hundred francs. "Is it the palm of martyrdom or of victory?" he asked. "Of victory," was the cry of all.

It is pleasant to record what the Pope said on June 15, 1871, to some Roman ladies about our Queen and the Governor of Malta, and their conduct towards His Holiness on the occasion of his jubilee. "You must know, this very moment, another lady, the Queen of England (and the Queen of England is not a Catholic!) has let me know that she wishes to share in my joy this day, she desires me to be aware of it, and she offers me her most hearty congratulations on the favour God has done me. Then I must add another piece of news not less consoling, which has just arrived. And it is that the Maltese have wished to keep to-morrow, 16th of June, as a holiday of obligation, and the two Bishops of Malta and Gozzo having asked the permission of the Protestant Governor, he not only granted it, but has declared that he too wished in this way to have a share in the solemn festival in honour of so great an event."

Those only who have heard the ready eloquence of the Pope, have seen the grandeur and dignity of his whole form, as with eyes undimmed by age, now brimming with tears, now flashing with animation, his voice at once so strong and so musical, vibrating to the emotions of his heart, they alone can fairly picture the scenes described, but incidentally, in the volumes of Discourses. The cheers of the audience, the fixed attention of all around, the very place and circumstances, all give a special incentive to the Apostolic unflagging vigour of a man who bears on his shoulders eighty-three years of life, twenty-eight of Pontifical cares.

On the feast of the Epiphany last year he was answering a very touching address presented by some four hundred young men, representatives of the various dioceses and societies of Italy. He followed the train of thought suggested by the day and by the address.

Defuncti sunt enim qui querebant animam pueri. Oh, how many of the Church's persecutors are dead! after having vented their rage, after having decimated souls that served God, are dead. And the Church? The Church remains. Yes, *ipsi peribunt*, but thou, beloved Spouse of Jesus Christ—

The tears come to his eyes and flowed down his cheeks, he clasped his hands devoutly and remained silent as if in prayer. There was a responsive silence throughout the audience hall, broken only by a stifled sob. Every one was deeply moved. His Holiness in a short time grew calm. The ejaculation, "O Lord," came up from the bottom of his heart, and he regained his speech,

O Church formed by God, thou remainest and remainest for ever!
Ipsi peribunt. Tu autem permanebis.

This was but one of many similar scenes. One more painful took place on July 17, 1871. The Association of the Veterans of the Pope's army, *Reduci dalle battaglie in difesa del Papato*, were being received by the Pope. After a few words he recited what our Blessed Lord said to Judas at the Last Supper,

"Unfortunately I must say likewise." The audience began to be troubled. "I knew that here in the midst of you is one who has come with evil intent." The clamour and excitement grew still greater. "There is some one here who is come not through a spirit of loyalty, but a spirit of treachery." The clamour turned into a tumult. Cries were raised, especially by the women who were present. "*Viva il S. Padre!* Who is the traitor, where is he? Turn out the traitor." And the Holy Father in a loud voice went on, "There is here a Judas, there is here a traitor." And pointing with his left hand with a menacing gesture, "I can tell the name." "Yes, Holy Father, do tell us," was the answer; until the tumult rose, so that he was forced to cease speaking, and had difficulty to restore even a little calm among the audience. "Jesus Christ," he said at last, "declared, *Qui intingit mecum manum in paropside, hic me tradet.* You cannot see the hands, but God sees the hearts. And God grant that this guilty soul may be converted."

The Pope left his throne hurriedly, but the throng pressed round him so closely to give him tokens of their fealty, that he

had hard work to get away. The Judas was an old Piedmontese spy, a lady of no good fame whose name was dragged to light in a celebrated trial. She had managed fraudulently to get a ticket of introduction. We can well imagine like scenes in like times.

The result of these addresses have been manifold and great. They have given an impetus to those admirable societies⁸ which have risen up throughout Italy, and which we trust will be the antidote to the poison of the Revolution. They have given us a measure of the relative forces arrayed against each other. The plebiscite of which we spoke in the first article of our last number, with its forty thousand seven hundred and eighty-five yes against forty-six noes, had its answer in the volume presented to the Pope on July 23, 1871, containing the signatures of twenty-seven thousand one hundred and sixty-one Romans of the age of manhood. A protest against the suppression of the religious house had seventy-one thousand signatures of *real* Romans. A courageous address of the Catholic youth of Rome on the second anniversary of that plebiscite gives another answer still more conclusive. We simply summarize its argument. After the 2nd of October, a paper devoted to the Piedmontese Government declared that the army of the Pope, though dissolved, had never broken its allegiance to its sovereign, and that three-fourths of the Government officials remained faithful to him. Another paper states that in Rome there was a plant which flourished nowhere else, the youth of the city were *clerical*. And lastly, in a circular issued by a Liberal of high position, it was calculated that over nineteen thousand boys and girls went to Catholic schools, while only five thousand attended the schools of the municipality.

It would be curious to add up the deputations from the different parishes (*rioni*) or districts of Rome; men and women of the people, who came in crowds and thousands at

⁸ Among these we may name the Catholic University of Rome, and a society for promoting the observance of the Sunday, which we recommend to the notice of pious Protestant patrons of the Italian Revolution. Out of two thousand six hundred shops of which the change of masters had allowed the opening on Sundays, one thousand six hundred have been closed. If one thousand are still open, or were so when the Discourses were printed, it must be remembered the *buzzuri* came in crowds to Rome, when the transfer of the capital left them without customers at Florence. These revolutionized bourgeois are not likely to give up the old habits contracted under the Piedmontese régime.

a time to protest their unshaken loyalty. When fictitious enthusiasm, got up to order, had been represented as an adhesion of the Montigiani and Trasteverini to the present *régime*, the good people of both those populous quarters of Rome came at once to protest against what they looked on as the basest slander. Besides the wonderful influx of Peter Pence, which supplies the enormous outlay of the Sovereign Pontiff, about £20,000⁹ (half a million of francs) each month, every sort of present has been made to him, from a complete set of all that is required for the solemn Benediction to be given on the day of victory, tiara, throne, vestments, and *flabelle*, down to the four eggs, sent by a good Irishwoman through the deputation which arrived from Ireland in the June of 1871. His Holiness took the basket that held this humble offering in his hands, saying, "I am glad to have these, all the more that to-day is Friday; we shall have a capital omelette made of them." In imitation of France, the faithful Romans made, in presence of their Pope and King, the solemn vow to build a church to the Sacred Heart when the troubles were over.

And when will they be over, is the question that naturally rises to our lips, as it rose again and again during these stirring audiences to the lips of our Holy Father. He certainly does not build his faith on prophecies, as he told the Enfants de Marie, of the Trinità dei Monti—"There are a quantity of prophecies about. The *real* prophecy is to be resigned to God's will and to await His aid." But he speaks with the greatest confidence as to the future triumph, a triumph which the loyalty of the Romans must hasten, for, as he said to his faithful officials on May 5, 1871, "It is impossible to govern and keep a people under sway, when they have shown they will clearly and in a thousand ways to have another government." He does not say that *he* will see it, but he never doubts his successors "will behold our city return to its former state, and the Holy See restored to its ancient rights."¹⁰

Still we cannot help pressing the question. How? M. d'Ideville, in his *Piémontais à Rome*, which formed the subject of the article in our last number, gives the ideas of one who is

⁹ This we have on the Pope's authority, who told it to the secretary to the Council of the Association of the Catholic Italian youth. He bears nearly all the weight of his former charges, without any income save Peter's Pence (*Discorsi*, vol. i., p. 203).

¹⁰ Discourse 26.

evidently a statesman, a man of the world, and who, though a Catholic, looks on affairs from a matter-of-fact point of view. The writer says that, taking all things into consideration, the "Italian Kingdom," favoured and supported by the European Powers, may last for some years, unless attacked from without. The Catholics will not there, any more than elsewhere, rise in arms against the powers that be; the men who have accomplished the revolution, and those who have sided with them, however few in number, have all the strength of the Executive to support them. Numbers of Republicans and Garibaldians wear without shame the livery of the Sardinian monarchy; even Medici, for example, is turned courtier. As to the Parliament, the sole aim of its members seems to be power, and power has but one use, to enrich its possessor at the cost of the nation. The "new social strata" are not yet sufficiently *educated* to contest with those above for the spoils. It is only since 1860 that Catholic instruction has been abolished. There are no immediate signs of social strife as in France, and the old Piedmontese leaven, with its tradition of loyalty and obedience, still holds the army together. But grave men of every party see that events are leading surely to anarchy, to a Republic, to a Commune. Every day the financial crisis grows more imminent; the cry of "no retrenchment" finds its terrible echo in the vote of the Chamber—"No more taxes." Whether following the impulse of its fears, the natural punishment of men who hold ill-gotten goods, or dragged at the chariot-wheels of their new Emperor, the Italians see the necessity of expending millions on their armaments, and they see, too, the impossibility of squeezing more taxes out of an impoverished and over-burdened country. The jealousy of the sister cities, appeased for a moment by the capture of Rome, is rising again. Minghetti, a skilled manœuvrer of figures, is at his last resource. The Left, the Republican party, is growing impatient; they are stirring for the new elections, they have secured the first posts in the late Freemason assembly. They have in their ranks a very predominant nationality, which gives a unity to their action. The country of fluent speakers, the dethroned city of Naples, owns the majority of them as her children. Should they succeed, then extreme measures will follow; the Pope will have to leave Rome, and Naples will assert her own claims as the seat of Italian Government. A thousand good and very sound reasons could be brought for the change. Then at once

leaps up into a flame the old and natural jealousies of the good cities of Italy against the *forestieri* of their own peninsula. Perhaps they may agree to differ, under a Federative Republic, with the provisional Governments sitting at the former capitals. The claims of the Neapolitans for a share in the good things of Government, have hitherto been staved off by judicial appointments, or third-class places in the Ministry; but they are growing impatient. They know there is little more left to spoil; if they are to sit down at the great banquet of the nation they must make haste. Besides, they have natural allies in the deputies of Upper Italy, whose abstention from the Chambers is so notable and so continued, and who never come to Rome except to renew their railway pass, or when local interests are at stake. The Catholics, in the one field where they could show their power, without violating their conscience, that of the municipal elections, have proved what they could do when a legitimate appeal shall be made to their suffrages. The old race and the old traditions of Catholic statesmen is not yet extinct. Their reappearance in the Municipal Councils prepares the way for their return to power. The separate Republics would as naturally smooth the way for the return to the separate Kingdoms, united by a Federative bond, which would save them at once from the interference of foreign powers and from the anarchy of internal enemies.

All this finds a singular confirmation in what Proudhon wrote in 1865, to prove the impossibility of maintaining anything so unnatural as a united kingdom in Italy, because repugnant at once to its past history, to the varied nationalities of its people, and repugnant above all to its religious sentiments, while, to quote Proudhon's words, "*The individuals may be what you like, sont ce qu'ils peuvent*", society is still Catholic. Is it still Papist? To judge by the outcry against the temporal power one would incline to disbelieve it. A little reflection would leave us in doubt." The demonstrations we have described should solve this doubt.

F. G.

Sir Amias Poulet and Mary Queen of Scots.

PART THE THIRD.

WE concluded our last paper by briefly touching upon the closing scene of Babington and his unhappy friends. Poor Chideock Tichborne seems to have been the finest nature of the devoted band. Few things in the English language are more moving than his dying speech and the beautiful verses written by him the night before he suffered. "Before this hapless affair," he said, "Babington and I lived in the most brilliant position. Who were the talk of the Strand, Fleet Street, and every nook and corner in London, if not Babington and Tichborne? We found no doors closed against us. . . . My dear fellow-countrymen, my sorrow to-day makes your joy. Ah! do mingle some tears with your smiles, and have pity on my sad estate. I am of a house which never for two hundred years before the Conquest stooped to dishonour. I have a wife and child. Agnes, my wife, my dear wife; how sad it is to part from you! I have, besides, six sisters who depend on me, and my poor servants have, I know, been sent far and wide, after my arrest: all that rends my heart." We think our readers will bear with us if we add his touching lines.

My prime of youth is but a frost of cares,
My feast of joy is but a dish of pain,
My crop of corn is but a field of tares,
And all my goodes is but vain hope of gain.
The day is fled, and yet I saw no sun;
And now I live, and now my life is done!

My spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung;
The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves are green;
My youth is past, and yet I am but young;
I saw the world, and yet I was not seen;
My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun;
And now I live, and now my life is done!

I sought for death, and found it in the wombe ;
I lookt for life, and yet it was a shade ;
I trade the ground, and knew it was my tombe ;
And now I dye, and now I am but made.
The glass is full, and yet my glass is run ;
And now I live, and now my life is done !

It has been already stated that Father Morris' third letter-book opens with a fragment of a letter dated November 21, 1586. Mary had passed through the indignities consequent on her apprehension and confinement at Tixall and Chartley, and was awaiting the final act of the exciting series of events in which she had been involved. On the morning of August 8, Mary had been invited by Poulet to join a hunting party in the neighbourhood. She had consented with pleasure, wondering most probably at the unwonted indulgence, and set out accompanied by Nau and Curle and some other members of her household. When the party drew near to the entrance to Tixall Park, a band of horsemen was seen in the distance. Mary's heart must have throbbed with joy at the possible prospect of approaching deliverance. But the delusion was soon dispelled. The leader of the troop drew near and displayed the royal warrant for Mary's apprehension and immediate removal to Tixall. The Stuart blood fired up at the insult and the trick, and Mary called upon her attendants to defend her. But resistance was hopeless. The Queen was hurried off to Tixall, and confined in a small room, without pen or paper, surrounded by strangers ; there she remained for seventeen days without seeing a friendly face, or even a change of dress being provided for her.

In the meantime Poulet and Wade made all haste back to Chartley, ransacked Mary's trunks and closets, and seized all her papers and jewels. Nothing was left to her. Every letter and fragment of paper was carefully packed up and sent to Elizabeth. On August 25, Mary was taken back to Chartley, and as she left Tixall a crowd of beggars gathered round her to invoke her well known bounty. "Alas!" she exclaimed, weeping, "I have nothing for you. All has been taken from me ; I am as much a beggar as yourselves." When she reached Chartley she became aware of the further indignity that had been passed upon her. After looking at her rifled closets, she merely said with dignity to Poulet, "There are yet two things, sir, which cannot be taken from me : my blood,

which gives me the right of accession to the throne of England ; and the other is my religion."

But even before going to her own apartments, Mary's first act on returning to Chartley had been to pay a visit to the bedside of Barbara Curle, who had just given birth to a daughter. Poulet refused to allow any one, even his own chaplain, to baptize the helpless little one, whereupon Mary took the infant on her knee and administered the Sacrament of Baptism. Poulet's horror was extreme ; but then, as he said, after all it ought to have been no matter of surprise, seeing that she had committed every other crime.

On September 25, O.S., Mary was removed to the strong Castle of Fotheringay in Northamptonshire for greater security ; and on the evening of the same day, Elizabeth appointed a Commission for her trial. On October 6, Poulet, Sir Walter Mildmay, and Mr. Barker, a notary, sought an interview with the Queen of Scots, and delivered a letter to her from Elizabeth. This letter was a sort of indictment in which the charges against Mary were set forth, and she was called upon, as living under the protection of the laws of England, to answer to the Commissioners who had been specially appointed to investigate her case, for the breaches of those laws with which she was charged. Mary calmly read the letter, and then protested her innocence. "I have not plotted against your mistress ; show me my writings and quote my words, if you wish to convict me. You can never do it." Then with reference to her position before the law, she said, "They assume a right to command as a master, and they imagine that I am to obey as a slave. What then ? Does your mistress forget that I was born a Queen ? Does she think that I shall degrade my rank, my position, the blood which flows in my veins, the son who succeeds me, and the kings and foreign princes whose rights would be wronged in my person, even by obeying such a letter ? Never. Crushed though I seem, I have a heart noble and brave, and I will not disgrace myself. I know nothing of your laws and statutes ; I have no counsel ; I know not who are the competent peers ; my papers have been taken from me ; and no one would dare to say a word in my favour, innocent though I am." Mary declined Elizabeth's jurisdiction. How could she be said to have been under the protection of English laws, who had been so long detained a prisoner contrary to all law ? She was not an English subject, and English law

had no hold upon her. Mary showed equal firmness in the matter of religion. Poulet had joined his efforts to Elizabeth's to intimidate her, suggesting to the captive that she had best think of her soul. "My soul belongs to God," replied Mary. "He has shielded me till now, He will dispose of me according to His will. I will gladly make to Him the sacrifice of my life for the good of the Catholic faith."

The Commissioners, who arrived at Fotheringay on October 11, were seriously perplexed by the ground that Mary had taken. Accordingly on October 13, Burghley, accompanied by the Lord Chancellor Bromley, waited upon Mary for the purpose of removing her objections and inducing her to appear before the Commissioners, and he concluded his arguments that if she still refused, they would, without further delay, proceed to the trial in her absence. The descendant of the Stuart kings, the daughter of Mary of Guise, was not likely to succumb to such a menace. The Queen of Scots only answered more firmly than before: "From whom do the Commissioners hold their warrant? From the Queen? That Queen is my equal, not my superior: give me kings as judges, and I appear before them." Bromley urged the protection that Elizabeth had extended to her. "I came into England," she said, "to request assistance, and was instantly imprisoned. Is that protection?" Then as to the Commission, she knew nothing of its composition. Perchance she was already convicted in the minds of those constituting it; but she would have them "to look into their own consciences, and to remember that the theatre of the world was wider than the realm of England."

Burghley, finding that his attempts at intimidation had failed, fell back upon the practised courtier, Sir Christopher Hatton, who was on the Commission. Hatton had an interview with Mary, and urged that though accused, she was not condemned; that if innocent, she wronged her reputation by avoiding a trial; that the Commissioners were just and honourable men, who would rejoice at her acquittal; that Elizabeth herself would be filled with joy at a favourable issue of the trial; that, in short, all things combined to show that it was the wiser course not to stand upon her royal privileges, but to rely on her innocence, and avoid the blot that would rest on her reputation if she shrank from a trial.

Mary was unfortunately more moved by Hatton's subtle

persuasions than by Burghley's threats. But she only yielded so far as to say, that as the next heir to the throne she was willing to appear before the "estates of the realm lawfully assembled," or before the Queen in Council. "To the judgment of mine adversaries," she added, "amongst whom I know all defence to be barred, flatly I will not submit myself."

Upon this Burghley, finding some concession necessary, suggested whether she would consent to appear if her protest against the jurisdiction of the Commission were admitted. Mary replied that the Commission would seem to have been constituted under a recent Act specially intended to include her, which she could therefore in no way recognize. But in the end, under the influence of Hatton, it is supposed, she finally submitted to appear, on condition that her disallowance of the competency of her judges was duly recorded.

"It must be admitted," says Mr. Hosack, "that this is a circumstance which weighs strongly in her favour. She was well aware that her correspondence had been intercepted, and if she had expressed a written approval of Babington's plot against Elizabeth she must have justly dreaded the production of her letters. She would naturally, in such a case, have stood resolutely upon her privilege, and refused to appear. But if, as she again and again asserted, she had written to Babington and to others only on the subject of her escape from confinement, the arguments of Hatton were calculated to produce a strange effect upon her mind, and even to inspire her with the hope that she might be able to satisfy at least some of the judges of her innocence."¹

The Commissioners met on the morning of October 14, in the great hall of Fotheringay. Mary soon appeared, leaning, as she entered the hall, on the arm of Sir Andrew Melville, for she was crippled with rheumatism at the time, clad in black velvet, with a long white veil reaching nearly to the ground. Viewing the nobles that were to try her, she said to Melville, "Alas! here are many counsellors, and yet there is not one for me." The trial then proceeded, the chief points of which we can only notice in the most summary manner. Three letters were produced in evidence by Gawdy, the Queen's Serjeant; the letter of the Queen of Scots to Babington of June 25, Babington's reply without date, and her reply of July 17. The case virtually depended on the last-named letter.

¹ Vol. ii., p. 419.

Mary declared that she had received no "such" letter from Babington, and had never written "such" letter to him, clearly implying that they had been tampered with. The letters put in evidence were only copies of Babington's letter and Mary's alleged reply. The originals were never produced. Certain alleged confessions of Babington and of her secretaries, Nau and Curle, were next presented; but of these not even copies have been preserved. The only genuine confession of Babington now in existence is wholly silent as to Mary's complicity. "The paper upon which it is written contains a variety of ciphers, and on the back are the following words: 'I do acknowledge the last of the within written to be the very same by which I writ unto the Queen of Scots. Anthonie Babington. Acknowledged the 20th day of September, 1586.'"² As to her secretaries, she insisted that they should be brought face to face with her. "I delivered nothing to them," she added, "but what nature delivered to me, that I might at length recover my liberty. I am not to be convicted but by my own word and writing. If they have written anything which may be hurtful to the Queen, my sister, they have written it altogether without my knowledge, and let them bear the punishment. Sure I am, if they were here present, they would clear me of all blame in this cause." Then she again demanded that the notes of her letters in her own handwriting should be produced in proof of what she said. Here Mary touched unconsciously upon a provision of the English law upon which she might have insisted if she had been aware of its existence. By an Act passed in 1571, witnesses in trials for high treason were required to be confronted with the accused.

Of the seven-and-thirty judges before whom she stood, not one was man enough to remove the ignorance of the solitary and friendless Queen. Her secretaries were not examined; her notes, of the existence of which in Walsingham's hands Mary's appeal is a strong corroboration of Nau's statement to that effect, were not produced. No one ventured to assert in her presence, what was afterwards alleged in the Star Chamber, that these notes had been destroyed by her orders. In the words of Mr. Hosack, nothing could have been more utterly worthless than the evidence produced against her. The letters were alleged to be copies of ciphers; but by whom the ciphers

² Vol. ii., p. 402.

were deciphered, and by whom the copies were made, the Commissioners were not informed, nor did they ask a single question on the subject. Mary's secretaries might have been produced to identify the letter which Babington wrote to her, and Phelippes could have been called to state whether the copy of Mary's letter produced was a true copy of the cipher sent by her. But her secretaries were kept close prisoners in London; and the name of Phelippes, for obvious reasons, was not once mentioned throughout the trial. Lastly, her own notes or heads of her letter to Babington, to which she confidently appealed, were withheld from the Commissioners, although these notes would have afforded conclusive proofs of her innocence or guilt.³

As regards Nau and Curle, it is true there are attestations bearing their names, at the end of the deciphered French copy of Mary's letter to Babington, as well as one by Babington himself. This important document is wholly in the handwriting of Phelippes, and is unattested by any of Elizabeth's Ministers. That this letter should have been in French at all affords grave ground for suspicion, for Father Morris⁴ shows that Mary's usual course was to have her letters "if they were to be written in English," translated by Curle from French into English; and there seems no reason why there should have been a departure from this rule in Babington's case. The following is a copy of the attestations:—

C'est la copie des lettres de la royne d'escosse dernièrement à moy envoyées.

Ainsi signé,

ANTHONIE BABINGTON.

Je pense de vray que c'est la lettre escripte par sa Majesté a Babington comme il me souvient.

Ainsi signé,

6th Sept., 1586.

NAU.

Telle ou semblable me semble avoir esté la reponse escripte en François par M. Nau laquelle j'ay produit et mis en chiffre, comme j'en fais mention au pied d'une copie de la lettre de M. Babington, laquelle M. Nau a signé le premier.

Ainsi signé,

5th Sept., 1586.

GILBERT CURLE.

Up to September 4, it is not alleged that the secretaries had said anything to criminate their mistress; but at this date Burghley intervened, and suggested to Hatton that the two secretaries might be induced "to yield in writing somewhat to confirm their mistress' crime, if they were persuaded that them-

. Vol. ii., p. 425.

⁴ P. 232.

selves might escape, and the blow fall upon their mistress, *betwixt her head and shoulders.*" The hoary schemer waxes facetious as he sniffs the scent of the blood for which he has been thirsting for twenty years. To this suggestion Nau and Curle would seem to have yielded, so far as to give the above very feeble and hesitating attestations ; and we have no evidence that their affirmations in the Star Chamber at Westminster, on October 25, were in any way more definite. It was at this meeting of the Commissioners that sentence was finally given against Mary ; Elizabeth having interposed to prevent its delivery at Fotheringay. One member of the Commission alone had the manhood to dissent from the verdict, declaring that he was not satisfied that "she had compassed, practised, or imagined" the death of the Queen of England. His name deserves recording, as worthy of all honour. It was Lord Zouch who had the courage and honesty thus to distinguish himself from his fellows.

We cannot conclude this portion of our subject better than with the weighty words of Mr. Hosack.

Thus ended the most disgraceful of all the judicial iniquities which disgrace the history of England. In every other trial of any person of distinction during the long reign of Elizabeth, at least some witnesses were examined in open court. In this alone, the most important of all, not a single witness was produced. To arraign the accused at Fotheringay in the absence of the witnesses, and to produce the witnesses at Westminster in the absence of the accused, was a mockery of justice unexampled even in this sanguinary age. And this was not the only iniquity committed on the trial of Mary Stewart. Of the various documents produced against her, not one was original. They were not even copies of written papers. They were only alleged to be copies of ciphers on the credit of men who were not confronted with the accused, and whose signatures attached to their alleged confessions were either obtained through fear of torture, or forged by Philipps. To attach the smallest credit to any such documents would be to disregard the plainest rules of evidence recognized by all civilized communities for the discovery of truth.⁵

Before passing on to the consideration of our letter-book, it may not be out of place to lay before our readers two remarkable documents bearing on the whole question of Mary's imprisonment, trial, and execution. The first is a document given by Mr. Meline in his book on *Mary Queen of Scots*. This document is an opinion given by Lord Brougham, who sums up the case in compact legal form, but without any lights

⁵ Vol. ii., p. 431.

on Mary's previous history to guide him beyond the versions of Hume and Robertson.

1. When Mary took refuge in England, all her previous misconduct gave Elizabeth no kind of title to detain her as a prisoner, nor any right even to deliver her up as a prisoner at the request of the Scots, had they demanded her.

2. In keeping her a prisoner for twenty years, under various pretexts, Elizabeth gave her ample license and complete justification for whatever designs she might form to gain her liberty.

3. The conspiracy of Norfolk looked only to the maintaining of her strict rights, the restoration of her personal liberty, and her marriage with that ill-fated nobleman, which she was willing to solemnize as soon as she could be divorced from Bothwell.

4. Babington's conspiracy included rebellion, and also the assassination of Elizabeth; and great, and certainly very fruitless pains are taken by Mary's partisans to rebut the proofs of her having joined it. She, indeed, never pretended to resist the proof that she was a party to the conspiracy in general; she only denied her knowledge of the projected assassination. But supposing her to have been cognizant also of that, it seems not too relaxed a view of duty to hold that one sovereign princess, detained unjustifiably in captivity by another for twenty years, has a right to use even extreme measures of revenge. In self-defence all means are justifiable, and Mary had no other means than war to the knife against her oppressor.

5. For this accession to Babington's conspiracy chiefly she was brought to trial by that oppressor who had violated every principle of justice, and every form of law, in holding her a prisoner for twenty years.

6. Being convicted on this trial, the sentence was executed by Elizabeth's express authority: although, with a complication of falsehood utterly disgusting, and which holds her character up to the scorn of mankind in all ages, she pretended it had been done without her leave and against her will, and basely ruined the unfortunate man who, yielding to her commands, had conveyed to be executed the orders she had signed with her own hand.

With one exception we do not see what can be said against any of the items of the above statement; and happily everything goes to prove that Mary never entertained the opinion even in thought, for in words she certainly repudiated it, that she "had a right to use even extreme measures of revenge," or that in self-defence "all means are justifiable."

The other document referred to is a paper that exists among the Stonyhurst manuscripts, and which Father Morris gives at length. This paper, of the date circ. 1592, is valuable as showing the view that contemporary Catholics held of the Babington Conspiracy.

The matter of Babington was wholly of their plotting and forging, of purpose to make Catholics odious, and to cut off the Queen of Scots. The chief plotters were the Secretary, Leicester, and the Treasurer. Poley, the

Secretary's man, was the chief actor here in England. Gilbert Gifford, by his own confession, their actor in it, both here and in Rome. Poley was for a fashion put in the Tower, but had what he would, and in the end, having there poisoned the Bishop of Armacan (Robert Creagh, Archbishop of Armagh) with a piece of cheese that he sent him, was let out, and is now in as great credit as ever, being as deeply to be touched in all things, and as much to be proved against him as any that were executed. He was continually with Ballard and Babington, he heard Mass, confessed, and in all things feigned to be a Catholic, and still learned his lesson of Mr. Secretary, whom they should draw into the plot, and what plot they should lay, and what course they should take, that might best serve the turn for which all this device was intended. He brought the copy of the letter penned by Mr. Secretary himself, or by his direction, that Babington writ to the Queen of Scots, and upon which she was afterwards condemned for having answered it as she did, Nau, her secretary, and Curle, having been by the same Secretary hired with seven thousand pounds to betray their mistress, as it was found in a bill in his study after his decease, as hath been credibly reported. Poley now liveth like himself, a notorious spy, and either an atheist or an heretic.

Also the same appeareth by Gilbert Gifford's letters to Philips the decipherer, and Philips also to Gilbert Gifford, who purposely was made priest, as he confessed, to play the Secretary's spy, and acknowledged that he was his chief instrument in this plot, and Philips' letters having been taken unto him, wherein the same is most manifest. *In the margin—*Inquire of this point of Gilbert's examiners.

Savage also being at the Court long before that any of the Council took notice of the matter, was by the Queen herself pointed at and two pensioners commanded to have an eye unto him, that he should do her no harm, being known to be one of the agents and yet permitted to go free, because they had not yet entrapped all they sought to bring in.

Also, one of Poley's principles was, as appeared by the gentlemen's words and speeches at the bar, that none of the graver sort of Catholics, or those that were esteemed wise, should have any notice of their intents, because they, doubtless, would have smelled the fraud and train that was laid for them; but only young gentlemen, whose green heads and aspiring minds were easy to be deceived, and apt to be induced into any high attempt. Yea, they had so wrought Mr. Ballard, the priest, that none of the same calling were acquainted with his intent, they fearing that if the graver priests should have heard, they would have found the deceit, and hindered the course that was intended to all their undoings. As in truth it was easy for any that saw the raw device, and more than childish folly and so lavish talk of it, that the Protestants knew it before the Catholics, and the actors, long before their apprehension, pointed at in the streets of London, and yet not touched, until the matter was brought to that pass to which the Council would have it come.

While Gilbert Gifford was in England, he had continual access and intercourse with the Secretary Walsingham, and in being in danger of the laws, because he was a deacon, went, nevertheless, at full liberty without fear; and when he went over, it was of purpose to set forward this action, and from thence he continually writ to Philips, and received letters from him, and I guess Ballard was by his means, and with his instructions, sent to England. *In the margin—*Inquire this point.

At the same time Mr. Martin Array, having been released to go over sea, being by a round sum bought from the shambles, he desired of Mr. Secretary some twenty days to despatch his business. Whereat the Secretary pausing, "No," saith he, "you shall have but fourteen; for within the time you require the coasts would be too hot for you." As in truth it fell out, for about that time was Babington's matter disclosed by the Council, watch and ward kept everywhere, and much fear showed where it was all prevented, and an ugly matter made against Catholics, of a drift of their own devising. Which showeth also who was the author of all this device, knowing it long before, and yet furthering it until their end was achieved, and all things ripe to reveal their own plot as the Catholics endeavour, who in truth were least acquainted with it.

Justice Young, and higher magistrates, as Tyrrell himself confessed under his hand and oath (for he most deeply avoweth it in his letter to the Queen), bade him say Mass, hear confessions, and minister sacraments, so in the end he told them what, and to whom he had done it, so seeking to entrap folks, and making men to break their own laws of purpose to draw them into their penalties.

Their spies, as namely, Burden, Baker, Vachel, have pretended themselves to be Catholics, and that by the warranties and advice of superiors. They have heard Mass, confessed, and received, only of purpose to discover Catholics and to entrap them.

To this paper Father Morris appends two other letters, one from Phelippes to Walsingham, the other from Burden himself to Walsingham, to illustrate the statements contained in it, and to show the terms on which these men were with Walsingham, and the sort of persons who preyed upon the unfortunate Catholics during his iniquitous administration. As a sample of the subtlety of these men's operations, the following extracts from Burden's letter may be given.

I humbly thank your honour for that it pleased you to spare Christopher Dryland's life at the last sessions, at my request, assuring you it hath much increased my credit amongst the Papists that by my endeavour his life was saved, for they suppose that some friend at my request moved your honour therein. I protest and abhor the man in regard of his profession, and the only thing that moved me thereunto was for that the man is singularly well persuaded of me, supposing me to be a most apt man to serve the Papists' turn, and further a man of great credit amongst them all, of what faction soever, and therefore a meet man to be sent over, thereby to avow and maintain my credit to all the practisers.

Father Morris prefaces his third letter-book by a letter of Poulet's to Walsingham, of the date November 21, 1586, which is worth transcribing, as giving the key-note to Poulet's state of mind with reference to Mary.

I perceive I was not much deceived in my conceit, upon the receipt of your last letter, mentioning the discharge of the trained soldiers appointed to be sent hither out of Huntingdonshire, and the same to be supplied by

the like number to be taken out of this shire of Northampton, which I took for an argument of the short continuance of this service, and that I should not be troubled with these soldiers at all. I am much confirmed in this opinion and hope, by the late repair hither of the Lord of Buckhurst, and now I trust the next messenger will bring your last resolution, which God grant, to Whose merciful protection I commit you.

The "opinion and hope" expressed in the letter just given, stands for the earnest wish of Mary's execution, and it is repeated over and over again with sundry variations, in the course of the last letter-book.

The service in which Poulet was employed, could not fail on every ground to be odious to him. He was himself a prisoner as long as his prisoner was under his charge; he was brought into close contact with that most hateful of all things, obstinate and avowed Popery; and he was pinched by Elizabeth in his supplies. Altogether he was not on a bed of roses; and then there was the uneasy dread of the possibility that Mary might in the end be spared, and if so, why not also one day his future Queen? The block was the only security against the unpleasant prospects opened out by such a terrible proposition. Poulet did therefore long for Mary's death very sincerely, and very devoutly too, no doubt, after his own fashion. "The value of this last letter-book," says Father Morris, "consists in this, that with the exception of two letters that are in the Record Office, and one in the British Museum, its contents are unknown. As we approach the end of the tragedy, the letters increase in interest, and the letter-book fortunately supplies us with letters, the originals of which have been, we cannot doubt, purposely taken from the series in the State Papers."

On Saturday, November 19, O.S., Lord Buckhurst and Beale, Clerk of the Council, were sent by Elizabeth to announce to Mary that sentence of death had been pronounced against her; and Mary wrote several letters about this time which she put into the hands of her servants, to be delivered after her death. In these she gives an account of a gratuitous insult that was passed upon her by Poulet, not, however, "without direction from above," as he himself expresses it, "as one that ever hath been and shall be hereafter, very curious and precise to be warranted in all my proceedings." We can hardly conceive, however, that the mode of procedure in the discharge of his unpleasant duty

had been rigidly prescribed for him; the rudeness and unmanliness of his behaviour must therefore be simply his own. On the 21st, he waited on Mary with Sir Drue Drury, whose attitude towards Mary would seem always to have offered an agreeable contrast to that of Poulet, to tell her that she was a dead woman without honour and dignity, and that, therefore, they must remove her *dais* or cloth of Estate. According to Mary's account, on the refusal of her own attendants to do this, Poulet called in seven or eight of his servants, by whom the cloth of Estate was taken down, and then putting on his hat, he ordered her billiard table to be removed, as she had no further need of pastime. The cover of this billiard table was afterwards to cover her lifeless corpse. On Thursday the 24th, she wrote to the Duke of Guise, that when Poulet and Drury visited her, "*je leur ay monstré, au lieu de mes armes audit days, la Croix de mon Sauveur.*" Mary's statement directly contradicts Poulet's as to the circumstances connected with the indignity thus offered to her. He says that her servants took down the cloth of Estate, and not his, and he does not mention to Elizabeth his insolence in putting on his hat in Mary's presence. In various letters which follow, Poulet skilfully displays the different motives that might be influential to bring about the consummation he so earnestly desired. Now it is urged that "dutiful care for her Majesty's subjects, the continuance of the Gospel, and the liberty and quiet of this realm, will not permit them to sleep soundly until the head and seed plot of all practices and conspiracies tending to the imminent subversion of Prince, realm, and people, be utterly extirped." To Leicester he writes, "I trust to be so happy as to attend on your lordship shortly at the Court, whereof I have the greater hope because the felicity of Queen and country consisteth especially next after God, in the sacrifice of justice to be duly executed upon this lady, my charge, the root and well-spring of all our calamities." Elizabeth's parsimony is played upon. "I trust the Scottish household is not forgotten, which no doubt is chargeable to her Majesty." To Burghley, Poulet writes for money, and applies the same stimulus, one to which a treasurer would be supposed to be peculiarly sensitive. "The charges of this family will be greatly increased by reason of the Scottish household at Chartley, and this new supply of soldiers, wherein there is no other remedy than by a gaol

delivery, which God will send in due time." The following is an instance of fanatical feeling quenching all natural and manly instincts, when Poulet is speaking of that which involves the relations of a mother with her son. He is referring to the letters of James, written doubtless on behalf of his mother. "I assure myself, that having answered the French Ambassador (coming from the mightiest Prince in Europe, and bringing a message of great temperance) in such sound, princely, and majestic sort as moved admiration in all the hearers; her Highness being justly provoked many ways (if I do not mistake the copy), will not give place to the pride of so poor a neighbour, but repress the same in its first budding, a principal, or rather only remedy, in such forward (I will not say presumptuous) attempts. I pray God the unthankfulness of the mother work not like effects in the son."

Mary had asked for a priest. "J'ai demandé un prêtre," she wrote to Mendoza, on the 23rd of November, "je ne sais si je l'aurai; ils m'en ont offert un évêque des leurs. Je l'ai refusé tout à plat." On the 14th of December, Poulet writes that the priest had been sent for, and then continues in a strain that while it gives us a glimpse incidentally of Mary's high and noble bearing, shows at the same time Poulet's utter incapacity to appreciate anything so foreign to his own narrow nature. "This lady continueth in her former wilful and wicked disposition. No outward sign of repentance, no submission, no acknowledging of her fault, no craving of pardon, no mention of desire of life; so as it may be feared, lest as she hath lived so she will die, and I pray God that this Popish ignorant priest be not admitted unto her by His just judgment to increase her punishment, being very likely that he will confirm her in her stubbornness towards her Majesty, and in all her other errors in matter of religion, than seek to reclaim her to a better disposition." "No craving of pardon," Poulet says, and Mary herself had already given the reason, writing to Mendoza, November 23, O.S. "On me menace si je ne demande pardon; mais je dis, Puisque j'ai ils m'ont destinée a mourir, qu'ils passent outre en leur injustice, espérant que Dieu m'en récompensera en l'autre monde." Another motive that he urges with Burghley, is that now the priest has been admitted to Mary, "if the execution of this lady be delayed, it may be repented as well in policy as in Christianity that he hath so speedy access unto her and thereby

shall have so long continuance with her." To Davison, however, he writes three days later that the "inconvenience is not so great in matter of policy as in conscience," as du Préau was of "too weak and slender a judgment" to be dangerous. In a letter to Burghley, December 19, Poulet again harps on the charges, and quaintly enough alleges them as a sufficient ground for the speedy execution of the captive Queen; "wishing that her Majesty's charges herein might be lessened, whereof I see no reasonable mean, unless the cause were removed, which bringeth forth these chargeable effects."

On the 21st of December, Poulet wrote a long and very interesting letter to Davison, giving him an account of an interview that Poulet had had with Mary, during the course of which, in accordance with Walsingham's instructions, he tried by insulting speeches to exasperate Mary into rejoinders that might compromise her. "Thus you see," he writes, "what hath passed between this Queen and us, wherein to obey your direction I have not failed to do all that I might to provoke her to utter her stomach." This very interesting letter is too long even to epitomize, but its general scope shows how clear Mary's perception was of her own position and of the influences that had been brought to bear against her, as well as how fully cognizant she was of the foul practices of Elizabeth and her Ministers with her own unworthy and rebellious nobles. And there is one fact that is especially noteworthy, that in the course of the conversation Poulet refers to "dangerous practices," when Mary rejoins that she was not accountable for what others had done. Poulet's reply to this is remarkable. "Madam," quoth I, "it was somewhat to you (and for your own sake I would you had forborne it), that after advertisement given unto you of Morgan's devilish practice to have killed a sacred Queen, you would yet entertain him as your servant." Why, we may well ask, when he had so much stronger a case in the Babington conspiracy, did he refrain from urging that attempt against Mary, and content himself with falling back upon Parry's plot, Morgan's complicity with which, at least as far as Elizabeth's assassination was concerned, having always been denied? As Father Morris observes, "Had he not been, to say the least, doubtful of her guilt, he would have tried to wring some acknowledgement from her, if only to counteract the effect of the letter to Elizabeth," which she had so recently written. Lord Buck-

hurst, who probably did believe Mary guilty, had told her to her face, in Poulet's presence, that "she should die for the Queen's murder." Again, there is another fact that is very full of significance, that Poulet seems sedulously to abstain from any mention of Mary's reputed crime in his letters. As a matter of fact he never brings it forward, as it would have been most natural for him to do, not merely as an aggravating circumstance, but as the very head and front of her, offending, and as such adding an overwhelming weight to all the many other motives that he was for ever urging for Mary's speedy execution. What could have been the ground for such reticence? It is hard to discover any answer but one. He knew that the crime could not with truth be imputed to her.

There is a second letter to Davison written on the same day as that which we have just been considering, and it is a very remarkable and important document. It shows that Poulet even took upon himself to delay the despatch of Mary's letter to Elizabeth, for fear lest Elizabeth might be moved by it, and so recall any warrant issued for her execution. As Father Morris suggests, it may have been the knowledge of this cruelty and injustice on Poulet's part, that encouraged Walsingham to think him capable of a still more serious crime. In the former part of this letter, which was clearly intended only for Davison's own eye, having shown his anxiety for "this expected sacrifice, acceptable to God and man," Poulet concludes his letter as follows: "And therefore, to be plain with you as with our very friend, we have used all convenient means to delay the receiving of this (Mary's letter), to the end it might arrive at the Court too late to stay any action touching this lady that might be intended before Christmas, being thereby persuaded that the delay of the execution till after Christmas will give great cause to expect an everlasting delay, either through her Majesty's too great inclination to mercy, or by reason of the danger of her person in the Christmas, a time subject to dangerous assemblies." But not satisfied with this exercise of cold-blooded cruelty, Poulet ventures still further in the same path, and on his own responsibility prevents Mary from writing again to Elizabeth, in the face of Elizabeth's express orders to the contrary. Poulet had received an intimation from Mary that she was willing to write to Elizabeth again; "Whereunto I answered that I would say nothing to

that motion, forbearing either flatly to deny her, or to promise to convey her letters; to be plain with you, being so well acquainted with her cunning, I would not wish that she might be permitted to write again to her Majesty, being assured that she will write nothing profitable to her Majesty's person or realm, and it may be feared but her flattering and treacherous promises may incline the merciful disposition of our Queen to give better ear unto them than shall stand with her surety, or with the quiet of the State, and therefore I thought it not agreeable with my duty to agree to the sending of a second letter without a special warrant, wherein it may please you to give your direction, having forborne to say to the messenger that I would write to this purpose, which shall be mine answer when she sendeth for me, whereby this meantime may not hinder any good resolution that may come above." In fact, Poulet becomes quite savage in his impatience as time hurries on and the execution is still delayed. Writing to Walsingham, January 2, 1586, he says, "I wish unto you all good means to increase your health, but it seemeth that the cold season of the year had need of hot and earnest solicitors. The delay is fearful. God send it a happy issue." Again he tells Davison, January 21, that he can "receive no comfort by means of this dangerous and most pitiful delay in [the] cause of all causes;" and again, "who is so thoughtless, so void of reason, or so careless of his duty as not to sigh and groan under this fearful delay." But notwithstanding all Poulet's groanings and gloomy forebodings over this fearful, dreadful delay, which was breeding danger everywhere, and threatening ruin to Prince and country, things were moving on to the appointed goal. The strong hands that had guided matters thus far were not to be baffled of their prey. It became necessary to determine the hesitating and irresolute Elizabeth by spreading panic and practising on her fears. The means taken were simple enough, and fortunately we have the evidence of them before us.

Among the *Lansdowne Manuscripts* are two letters of the Mayor and Aldermen of Exeter, written February 8, 1586, to Lord Burghley, for instructions with regard to a precept of hue and cry for the Queen of Scots, who was said to have made her escape; the other to the Privy Council, dated "the 4th of February, at the hour of one in the night," respecting another hue and cry received by them, "that her Majesty's city of London by the enemies is set on fire," and commanding them

to have their "men and armour in readiness upon pain of death." These curious documents are given by Father Morris, and they are sufficient to show the hand of the wire pullers of that day, and the devices they had recourse to for the purpose of exciting the phrenzy of the mob, and working upon the fears of the timid, and cowing and suppressing any external manifestation of the Catholics, who still formed the bulk of the nation. They also enable us to estimate the value of the opinion expressed by the Quarterly Reviewer before referred to, that "as to the execution itself, we have always held that the best defence of Elizabeth is that she could no longer resist the will of her subjects. The mass of the English people had condemned Mary Stuart long ago. This fresh proof, in the attempt to murder the sovereign, whom most of them had learnt to value, and many to love, drove them frantic. It could not be passed over." Whatever benefit Elizabeth may reap from such a view, it seems pretty clear that her Ministers can claim no share in it. They were consistent with themselves from beginning to end. Mary Stuart must be destroyed, and they would stop short of no means, however base and criminal, to achieve their end. Sir Amias seems not to have been made acquainted with this new device, and he is well-nigh driven out of himself, and becomes desperate under the fear of his victim escaping out of his hands. He says, writing to Davison, January 30, 1586, "These seditious rumours are not to be neglected, in my simple opinion, and indeed, there is not a more ready way to levy forces to the achieving of that which these lewd reporters pretend to fear. I cannot let them flatter themselves with vain hope, but by the grace of God I will not lose this lady my charge without the loss of my life, neither shall it be possible for any force to take her out of my hands alive." Poulet swallows the bait, though he has the cunning to see the good account to which the alarms, so insidiously fomented by those in the secret, might be turned.

Before quitting Sir Amias Poulet, there is one episode in his official life as Mary Stuart's gaoler, that ought not to be passed over. It is the attempt to carry out at his expense the principle of Elizabeth, embodied in the speech that she made to Davison, when asked by him, after the signature of Mary's death warrant, whether she had changed her mind. "No, by God!" she said, "but she wished it could be done in some way that would not throw the blame on her." Mr. Froude says with respect to this

principle, and Elizabeth's action upon it—"The situation was perfectly intelligible, Elizabeth's conduct was not noble, but it was natural and pardonable."⁶ Natural no doubt, in one whose nature never rose above the level of that of a chambermaid; but pardonable! And this is the utterance of an English writer, who would willingly stand forth as the representative of the true English feeling of the day. After compassing, at least indirectly, the death of a kinswoman who had cast herself upon the generosity of the English people in the person of its sovereign, in the hour of her extreme need, Elizabeth shrinks from the odium that would attach to the execution of that kinswoman, and meanly tries to shelter herself by throwing the responsibility of it upon the subordinates whom she was bound to uphold and protect. And such an act of baseness is pronounced pardonable by one, whose ambition it is to influence and direct the moral feeling of Englishmen! God forbid that he should be allowed to put such teaching before them without protest and without rebuke.

Elizabeth's attempt on Poulet is contained in a letter from Walsingham and Davison, a transcript of which, communicated by a gentleman commoner of Christ Church, of the name of Gwyn, is found in Hearne's Manuscript Diary, which is preserved in the Bodleian Library. The original of this letter, and of Poulet's reply, were to be found among the family archives at Hinton St. George at the beginning of the eighteenth century. They have unfortunately since been lost. Father Morris prints these documents in full. It is sufficient for our present purpose to give one or two extracts from them. The letter in question begins thus—"After our hearty commendations, we find by speech lately uttered by her Majesty that she doth note in you both a lack of that care and zeal of her service that she looketh for at your hands, in that you have not in all this time of yourselves (without other provocation) found out some way to shorten the life of that Queen, considering the great peril she is subject unto hourly so long as the said Queen shall live." Then, further on, "And therefore she taketh it most unkindly towards her that men professing that love towards her that you do, should in any kind of sort, for lack of the discharge of your duties, cast the burthen upon her, knowing as you do her indisposition to shed blood, especially of one of that sex

⁶ Vol. xii., p. 241.

and quality, and so near to her in blood as the said Queen is." Words are unnecessary here. As was to be expected, Poulet had too much worldly wisdom to be caught in such a trap. And, in truth, he shows his sense of the indignity that had been put upon him by such a proposal in a manly way that redounds to his own honour, and covers Elizabeth and her instruments with disgrace. "I would not fail to return my answer with all possible speed, which (*sic*) shall deliver unto you with great grief and bitterness of mind, in that I am so unhappy to have lived to see this unhappy day, in the which I am required by direction from my most gracious sovereign to do an act which God and the law forbiddeth. My good livings and life are at her Majesty's disposition, and am ready to so lose them this next morrow if it shall so please her, acknowledging that I hold them as of her mere and most gracious favour, and do not desire them to enjoy them, but with her Highness' good liking. But God forbid that I should make so foul a shipwreck of my conscience, or leave so great a blot to my poor posterity as to shed blood without law or warrant."

Father Morris closes his interesting series of letters, with two written by Poulet after Mary's execution, and which are to be found in the Record Office. But we have not time to linger over Poulet's unctuous rejoicing on the very day of Mary Stuart's death. We had intended to say something on the subject of Mary's execution, but our space prohibits the attempt. Nor indeed can we do better than refer to Father Morris' concluding pages, where he enters fully into the literature of the question, and of course exposes Mr. Froude's habitual blunders and perversions. But we cannot close this paper without entering our protest against Mr. Froude's general treatment of this great historical question of Mary Queen of Scots. Anything more unworthy can hardly be imagined, save only the mind capable of bringing them forth, than the conceptions of Mary's life and character, the offspring of his own distorted fancies, which he decks out for public view in his glowing and meretricious pages, with the claim that they shall be regarded as historical verities. Mr. Froude has, we believe, divested himself of what he once, no doubt, considered his sacred character, but he has by no means succeeded in laying aside that narrow-minded priggishness which is, perhaps unjustly, considered to be typical of the body to which he once

belonged. He is as incapable of rising above his own level in looking at any large general question, as any of the mere Evangelicals whom, no doubt, he really despises; but he cannot disavow his kindred, nor escape from the penalties that attach to the race. He only differs from them in that his groove is not their groove; but his groove is quite as contracted as theirs. To any one who has studied the character of Mary Stuart, as it is manifested in the various minor traits by which character is best known; who has marked the power of attractive influence that she carried with her; her generosity to those around her and dependent on her; her love for the young; her noble impulses; her lofty bearing under the most tragic reverses; her firm persistence in her religious convictions, when she had everything to gain by abandoning them; and her calm courage when the end came; the conclusion comes with the force of almost irresistible conviction that Mr. Froude has failed to appreciate her noble nature because of its utter disproportion to his. It is not to be expected that thin and shallow and strident natures should grasp the dimensions of natures immensely superior to themselves. On the whole it is a relief that we have not to stain our pages with Mr. Froude's picture of Mary's last days and closing scene. We cannot help regarding it as one of the most revolting and disgraceful passages in the whole of English literature. It is a climax of base insinuation, unworthy calumny, littleness in the attribution of motives, and unmanly spite, not to be found in any other literature in the world. Well will it be for mankind, if it come in aftertimes to be held up as a beacon against the dangers of indulgence in that sensational writing, which is one of the maladies of our times.

Even if this passage in English literature should in future discharge this function it will be honoured beyond its merits, for it will be dignified by the utility of its office, and thus rescued from the utter worthlessness that is intrinsic to it. Its worthlessness has been abundantly proved in the foregoing pages, if the criticisms of Mr. Hosack and Father Morris hold good. Nothing is wanting to authorize us in relegating it to the romance of history in its extremest form, as its proper literary category. We might go further, but we will abstain.

We have counted up the mistakes and misrepresentations of Mr. Froude in connection with the portion of Mary's history that we have been considering, which have fallen under Father

Morris' animadversions. They amount to twenty-five; and Mr. Hosack adds at least three more to the number. Of the gravity of Mr. Froude's perversions as affecting the historical character of Mary Queen of Scots, our readers will be able sufficiently to judge from the samples that we have placed before them. Surely, if the subject were not too serious for laughter, the conclusion of the whole question, as far as Mr. Froude is concerned could not be more appositely stated than in the words of the poet—

Solventur risu tabulæ;

though the *tu missus abibis* certainly does not apply to Mr. Froude.

We remember long ago seeing it suggested in a critique on Mr. Froude's History, that its publication would necessitate the re-writing of English History in general. If this be true, it is not too much to say that the fittest commencement of such a work would be for Mr. Froude to re-write his own.

T. B. P.

The Cathedral and Reliquary of Orvieto.

THE city of Orvieto stands upon the top of a lofty rock of tufo, which it entirely covers, and which rises abruptly out of the immense plain formed by the junction of the valley of the Paglia with that of the Tiber. The rock, which is of volcanic origin, is in its upper part a steep perpendicular cliff, with a sheer fall in some places of at least five hundred feet, and only in its lower part does it slope gradually away towards the valley. The circumference of the rock at its base is about three miles. Ruins of battlemented defences, broken every now and then in rugged outlines by the roofs of houses, are seen cresting this fortress-town in its entire circuit. The fierce Frederick Barbarossa, in the twelfth century, was for three years engaged in a vain attempt to besiege the city, which, previous to the invention of long-range artillery, was justly deemed impregnable.

Now that the communication by rail is open, not only from Siena, but also from Rome, Orvieto is more accessible to travellers. On alighting, however, at the station, which seems quite close to the town, the visitor is surprised to find that nearly an hour's drive in a four-horse omnibus is needed before its gates can be reached; but his surprise is diminished when, as toiling up the zigzag road, he sees constantly above and near him the precipitous wall of rock on which the city is placed, till at length he begins to wonder how he ever can reach the summit. After an ascent of about three miles in length, on a road constructed in lines that are almost parallel along two sides of the mountain, the last parallel is reached, and the roadway, after passing under the arch of a fortified gateway, emerges almost unexpectedly amongst the houses and buildings of the city. It is easy for the traveller then to understand why, amidst the strife and faction wars of mediæval times, no fewer than thirty-five of the Roman Pontiffs found a secure refuge in a city so well defended both by nature and by art.

The view from the city walls is one of the finest that can be imagined. It extends over a vast and magnificent panorama which encircles the city on every side. Down along the sloping descent which commences at the base of the rock, olive trees and vines flourish luxuriantly on the volcanic soil.

Further off, in the basin of the valley, lie richly cultivated fields, divided into oblong patches of corn crops, which in the early summer vary with a lighter or darker shade of green as the different species of grain is ripening. Through this fertile valley the river Paglia winds its way, while on the south-eastern side the Tiber is flowing along, impetuous in this part of its course, with a broad belt of stones and shingle laid bare along its track, which marks with a yellow fringe the limit to which its waters swell in periods of inundation.

The horizon is bounded by a complete amphitheatre of hills, of various and broken outline, and the eye ranges towards their distant summits, over woods and uplands, dotted here and there with convents, or diversified by the picturesque appearance of some town of mediæval date, perched in frowning defiance upon a lofty eminence on the spur of a range of hills. "Anything more grand than the rock-girt citadel of Orvieto, as viewed from any point of the surrounding plain, or anything more charming than the broad valley of the Tiber and its affluents, the Chiana and the Paglia, as surveyed from the bastions of the old castle, or from some other culminating points round the city walls, cannot be easily imagined." The same contemporary writer, in a letter of April 5, 1874, continues, "The spring is this year unaccountably late, and the landscape is as parched and arid as it can be at no other time of the year; yet even divested utterly of its foliage, as it is, it displays sufficient loveliness to give an earnest of what a paradise it will be a fortnight hence—a volcanic region of unmatched fertility, broken up into a great maze of hills swelling all round like sea-waves, and rising in the rear, range after range, with the snow of the Apennine crests for a background."

But even the attractions of so picturesque a position would hardly suffice to tempt the traveller up the steep ascent to the town, were it not that, within its walls, the piety of Catholic Italy in the thirteenth century commenced, and two hundred years later completed, the erection of a Cathedral

which is worthily described by the writer above quoted as "the loveliest specimen of Gothic the world can boast."

The miraculous event which is recorded to have occasioned the building of this beautiful Cathedral, is narrated by Natalis Alexander, Baronius, Bossuet, Panvinio, and Papebroch. In 1263 a good priest who was disturbed with doubts regarding the real presence of our Blessed Lord in the Holy Eucharist, was on his way to Rome to visit the tombs of the Apostles. Whilst at Bolsena, a small town situated on the edge of a lake of that name, not far from Orvieto, and within the jurisdiction of its bishop, he was saying Mass one day in the old Church of St. Christina. Just at the moment of consecration, he felt himself more than usually troubled with doubts about the real presence; but when, according to the rubric of the Mass, he proceeded to break the sacred species, he saw It become suddenly real flesh reddened with blood. The corporal beneath was stained, and received the impress of the Sacred Host, which was furthermore reproduced in each of the altar cloth underneath. After Mass the priest hurried off in consternation to Orvieto, where Pope Urban the Fourth then was, and threw himself at the feet of the Pontiff. The Pope reassured and consoled him, and at once commissioned the Bishop of Orvieto to proceed to Bolsena, and bring back with him the sacred corporal. When on his return from Bolsena the bishop reached the bridge of Riochiaro, near Orvieto, he found assembled there to meet him, the Holy Father accompanied by many cardinals, by the clergy, and by the chief men of the city. The Pontiff, kneeling, received from the bishop the sacred relic, and attended by a reverent multitude of people conveyed it in procession to the Episcopal church, where it was deposited until such time as a suitable tabernacle could be constructed in which to preserve it.¹

Pope Urban the Fourth, who was desirous to confound the heretical teachings of Berengarius, published in 1264 the Bull *Transiturus de hoc mundo*, in which he instituted the festival of Corpus Christi. The office of the festival, to which the Pope makes allusion in the Bull, was composed by St. Thomas of Aquino in the Dominican House at Orvieto, which still

¹ The miraculous incident is represented in a fresco painting on the walls of one of the halls of the Vatican. In this fresco, which is considered one of the finest works of Raphael, the officiating priest is regarding with reverential astonishment the bleeding Host which he holds in his hand, whilst behind him the choir boys and people are pressing forward with mingled curiosity and awe.

possessed, until its suppression, many memorials of the saint.² Beside the Bull above named, Urban the Fourth sent a brief to Eve, a holy recluse of Liège, a friend of the Blessed Juliana of Mont-Cornillion, by whom he had been so earnestly implored to institute a festival in honour of the Blessed Sacrament. This brief is dated from Orvieto, the 8th of September, 1264, in the fourth year of his Pontificate.

It is worthy to note that in this document it is mentioned that Pope Urban the Fourth had been the first to celebrate the festival "with all our brethren the cardinals of the Holy Roman Church, the archbishops, bishops, and other prelates of the church at present residing near the Apostolic See." As, moreover, it is known that this Pontiff left Orvieto shortly after for Perugia, and expired, on the 2nd of October, from a malady caught during his stay in a village near that city, it seems certain that the first solemn celebration of the feast of Corpus Christi took place in Orvieto.

Urban the Fourth was succeeded by Pope Clement the Fourth, who died in 1271. During the Pontificate of his successor, Pope Gregory the Tenth, and whilst that Pontiff was staying in Orvieto, Edward the First, King of England, arrived in the city on February 12th, in the year 1273. He was on his way from the Holy Land, to take possession of the English throne, vacant by the death of his father, Henry the Third; but he was anxious first to visit Pope Gregory, and obtain from him justice against the murderers of his cousin, Henry d'Almaigne. The assassins, Simon and Guy de Montfort, regardless both of the innocence of their victim and the sanctity of the place, had attacked and stabbed the young prince to the heart at the foot of the high altar in the Cathedral of Viterbo, just as he had devoutly been engaged in hearing Mass. In the twelfth canto of the *Inferno*, Dante alludes to this murder—

The Centaur points to a lonely spirit
Apart amidst the boiling flood,
And said, "That is he who in God's own sanctuary
Smote the heart still honoured over Thames' tide."

The reference is to the golden cup in which the heart of the young prince was preserved, and placed on a pillar on London Bridge, as a memorial to the English of this outrage.

² See the notice of the *Pilgrimage of the Tiber*.

The Pope directed the bull of excommunication and outlawry to be affixed to the door of the principal church in Orvieto, and in it the De Montforts were declared guilty of sacrilege as well as murder. Guy de Montfort shortly afterwards came as an humble suppliant to solicit the pardon of the Pope. In his shirt, with a halter round his neck, and attended by several friends in the same garb, he threw himself at the feet of the Pontiff, and begged that the sentence against him might be commuted into imprisonment. This was granted.

An old chronicle quoted by Cyprian Marente narrates the commencement of the Cathedral of Orvieto in 1290, "With the Divine inspiration, to the praise and honour of the great miracle which happened in Bolsena, and in accordance with the wish and desire of Pope Nicolas the Fourth, the Commonwealth of Orvieto, composed of all its gentry, citizens, and people, the city being at that time rich and prosperous, took in hand the building of a sumptuous temple to the glory of God, and in honour of His Mother, the Ever-Virgin Mary, and of the heavenly court. And so, on the festival day of St. Brixio of that year, 1290, on the 13th day of November, Pope Nicolas being in Orvieto with the Court of Cardinals, and divers prelates, a solemn procession was formed of the Pope, cardinals, bishops, clergy, magistrates, and people of the city, and Pope Nicolas went down into the foundations as low as where there was water and clay, and with his own hand laid the first stone with mortar, and in like manner did the other prelates, together with Mgr. Francesco, then Bishop of Orvieto, and with many other ceremonies the Pope blessed the future temple in *sæcula sæculorum*."

Lorenzo Maitani, the celebrated Siennese architect, gave the design for the Cathedral, the funds were supplied chiefly from the voluntary contributions of the people; and during the erection and complete decoration of the building, which embraced a period of little less than three centuries, almost every artist of eminence and prominence in Italy, in architecture, sculpture, and mosaic, was employed upon the works. The very exterior is like an ivory and enamelled shrine, rather than a work to be exposed to the winds and rain.

The three deeply splayed doorways of the west front have their mouldings formed of spiral columns of beautiful proportions, enriched with sculptured foliage set in mosaic. The four

pilasters of this façade support bronze emblems of the Evangelists and are covered with groups in high relief in Carrara marble, executed five centuries ago by Giovanni di Pisa. This work in exquisite figures and foliage represents the Tree of Jesse, the life of Christ, and the Last Judgment. The last is full of terrible reality: devils—half-gone corpses—are devouring their victims. Each is a study in itself. In the middle of this front a handsome rose window is set around with statues of the Apostles and saints, which form a kind of frame-work for the superb central window. The vertical lines of the four pilasters of the façade terminate above the Cathedral in delicately-shaped spires and pinnacles.

But in viewing this magnificent façade, the spectator is especially impressed with the bright appearance of the richly-coloured mosaics which adorn the upper portion of the doorways, as well as the space which is comprised in the three pointed gables of this front of the Cathedral. These are not all of equal merit, and of various dates; the brilliant and variegated material which is used to depict the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin, her Espousals, the Baptism of our Lord, and the Coronation, is enhanced in its effect by the splendid background of gold in which these glorious works are set; and when, at noon, this gorgeous façade is lit up by the bright glare of the Italian sun, and the exquisite outlines of the carved figures and foliage are relieved by the deep shadows of the sculptured forms, the beholder is lost in admiration in presence of a work so great in its extent of surface, and so marvellously rich in its wealth of tracery, carving, and mosaics.

For a wonder, the whole exterior is completed. It is built in alternate bands of black and white marble. Semicircular apsidal projections, pierced with lancets, take the place of buttresses to the nave. When we enter we find the immense black and white piers crowned with fine capitals, and the great cinquecento statues erected against these bases hide out the debased frescoes of the aisles. A great east window filled with brilliant glass closes the long and lofty church. The lower portions of the other windows are, as at San Miniato, near Florence, filled in with translucent alabaster. Its too irregular shades have a bad effect. On the right is the font of dark red marble resting on mediæval lions, and covered with a great canopy with crockets and pinnacles, of white marble,

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with inlays of mosaic, the whole crowned by a statue of the great Precursor. A theatrical Annunciation right and left of the High Altar jars with the splendid stalls of inlaid wood and the frescoes which cover vault and wall of the choir. The subjects of these paintings are from the life of our Lady. Some are as late as Perugino, the rest earlier, but all are full of thought and beauty. One curiously represents the Doctors disputing over the difficulties set them by our Lord after His departure with Mary and Joseph. There is the whole legendary history of our Lady's birth, and the High Priest is seen advising her to espouse St. Joseph. The great window of four lights has the life of our Blessed Lord, alternating with figures of the Prophets.

In the south transept in the chapel of the Madonna are the celebrated frescoes of Luca Signorelli and of Fra Angelico. The contract for the painting of these frescoes may still be seen written on an old parchment preserved in the archives of the Cathedral. It runs thus—

On the 14th day of June, 1447. In the name of God, Amen. After many conversations, discussions, and explanations between the chamberlain, presidents, supervisors, and other officials of the building committee, with Fra Giovanni, painter, regarding each and all the points hereinafter named, the chamberlain, Peter Jacobutii, on behalf and in the name of the said committee, engaged for the painting of the new chapel for the said church, the religious Fra Giovanni di Pietro, master painter, of the Order of Preachers of the rule of St. Dominic, under the following conditions—

That the said Fra Giovanni, master painter, shall personally be employed on the aforesaid paintings.

Item. That he engages to take care that the figures of the said paintings be fair and praiseworthy.

Item. That each year he shall paint in the months of June, July, August, and September, until the whole chapel be finished.

Item. That he engages to fulfil and observe without fraud or cozenry, well and diligently, all of the aforesaid stipulations to the satisfaction of any good master painter.

And for each and all of the aforesaid, the chamberlain, with the consent and licence of the committee, solemnly promised and swore to give and pay to the said Fra Giovanni, present and accepting for himself and his heirs, in payment for his labour, and as his wages for the said four months in each year, at the rate of two hundred ducats a year, to wit, for four months a third part of two hundred ducats.

Item. To give to the master painter all the colours needful for the said paintings.

Item. To give to the said master painter, and to his three assistants, Benozzo, Antonio, and Giacomo, in addition to their wages, bread and wine as much as they need, and to defray whatever expenses they may incur for eatables, whilst they are in Orvieto.

Item. The said master, Fra Giovanni, whilst the scaffolding is being made, shall be preparing the designs for the pictures and figures which he intends to paint on the ceiling of the said chapel.

The limitation in this contract, of the work of Fra Angelico, to the summer months of the year, is explained by another document preserved in the archives, and dated May 11, 1447. In this it is stated that after a consultation held by the chief magistrates, chamberlains, and other officials of the city, it was resolved—

That considering that the new transept chapel of the church, opposite the chapel of the Corporal is bare and unpainted, and for the honour of the said church is to be painted by some good and famous master painter; and that at this present time there is in Orvieto, a certain brother of the Order of St. Dominic, who painted, and is engaged in painting the chapel of His Holiness in the Apostolic Palace in Rome, who perhaps would come and paint the aforesaid chapel, and who is a painter famous above all other painters in Italy, and who would paint in the said chapel for only three months in the year, forsooth in June, July, and August, because in the other months he is engaged to serve His Holiness, and in these three months he does not wish to remain in Rome, &c., that the said committee resolve to engage Fra Giovanni.

The chapel in the Apostolic Palace here referred to is the beautiful chapel still admired in the Vatican, which contains the incidents of the martyrdom of St. Stephen and St. Lawrence, painted in frescoes, by Fra Angelico, during the Pontificate of Pope Nicolas the Fifth. A later document, signed 28th September, 1447, is an acknowledgement by Fra Angelico of the payment received for the work in Orvieto. The Benozzo referred to in the contract, is the celebrated master, Benozzo Gozzoli, so well known by his magnificent frescoes in the Campo Santo of Pisa, and by his pictures in the various galleries of Italy. Few works leave so profound an impression behind them. Over the arch by which you enter is the Last Day. A great fire-cloud is lowering above, and three fierce devils are blowing the flames upon the earth, which blazes in all directions. Men, women, and children are stricken down, some have fallen, others are falling, one wild with fright seems unable to flee. At the other side of the arch, amidst eclipses and earthquakes, the martyrdoms of the faithful still go on; in front a group of persons are arguing against the signs; one great sibylline figure points to a book, but most are engaged in gazing on the dreadful warnings. Next, Antichrist is preaching to a crowd, full of life, listening to him, the devil is his

prompter. In the background, the Dominicans are preaching, faithful to their vocation to the last, while priests and religious lie slaughtered around. On our left, God has hurled down His enemy in a flood of fire, the angels are singing the victory above; below them other angels, in a golden sky, crown with starry diadems the just as they arise, or scatter flowers upon them. One of these is a youth with a sweet face. Over the altar, the blessed spirits lead to the sound of lutes the blessed before the judgment-seat. On the vault directly above is the Judge, by Fra Angelico. Stern and unmoved, He raises His hand against those on His left. Around the Throne are angels, by Benozzo Gozzoli, looking on; they have much of the unearthly beauty of his master's works. On the other side St. Michael drives the devil across the lake. On the wall to the right is hell. Three sorrowing but stern angels are gazing on the awful scene. All three are in armour, two have half-drawn swords; they are like divine justice, calm because immovable. The demons and the damned are falling headlong together into the vast crowd below, one scene of despair and rage. The devils, livid, awful, seize their victims, gnaw their flesh, tear their hair; some they have bound, others they carry on their backs to the mouth of the pit, which is vomiting out flame and smoke. Next comes the Resurrection, for we are following the order of position, not of time. Two glorious angels are blowing trumpets, from which wave the banners of the Cross. The dead are rising; the risen stand in groups, wonderful in drawing and in expression, awaiting the Judgment. Upon the vault there is one compartment, the only one, with the Christ, he lived to paint, by Fra Angelico. *Prophetarum laudabilis numerus*. The figures, like all those on the roof, over life size, and arranged pyramidically. It is like a glimpse of heaven. Moses looks down and smiles as in quiet triumph at the vindication of the law. Each figure is a revelation of grandeur. Luca Signorelli, to whom we owe all the other paintings of the chapel, pales before Fra Angelico in the remaining groups of the heaven; but still each group is beautiful and worthy of that rare genius. The ribs of the vaulting are decorated with fruit and red roses on a golden ground. The dado is divided into compartments filled in with chiaso-oscuro arabesques, and medallions containing subjects from the classic poets who have sung of hell; their heads appearing in the centre of each panel.

Such is a rapid sketch of these marvellous works. Enough to say that Michael Angelo did not disdain to borrow from these works for his Last Judgment in the Sixtine chapel, and Raphael is said to have studied and copied them.

In the opposite transept is the chapel of the Santissimo Corporale, wherein is preserved the corporal used by the priest at Mass when the miracle occurred at Bolsena. The walls of this chapel are adorned with frescoes of the fourteenth century, representing the various circumstances that accompanied the miracle. The corporal is inclosed within a tabernacle, or reliquary, of solid silver, the work of Ugolino da Siena in 1338. This reliquary, which contains four hundred pounds weight of silver, is about four feet high. Its design somewhat resembles the façade of the Cathedral, but the four pilasters which divide its front into a sort of triptych, are prolonged in their upper part, and terminate in graceful colonnettes, on each of which stands an angel. Each part of this beautiful work bears witness to the talent of the artist who conceived and executed so difficult a composition. Various patterns of arabesque design, delicately engraved on a silver ground, underlie a transparent blue enamel, which is the chief setting of the silver relievi. Fringes of gold mark the outlines of the draperies, and the aureoles of the saintly personages, whilst the beauty of the work is skilfully heightened by a border of variegated enamel, the brilliant colours of which appear as fresh to-day as when laid on by the artist's hand more than five centuries ago. The panels of silver into which the front and sides of the reliquary are divided, exquisitely chiselled in relief, exhibit not only the incidents of the miracle of Bolsena, but also a multiplicity of actions and scenes from the life of our Lord. Most admirable are they, not only for the variety and appropriate composition of each group, but especially for the devout and earnest expression which the Sienese artist has imparted to his figures, under an inspiration which he shared with so many of the great Italian masters of the fourteenth century.

Upon the seizure of the Pontifical States by the Piedmontese Government, the reliquary of Orvieto was claimed to be the property of the State, on the plea of its being an important work of art. Since this act of usurpation, it has become exceedingly difficult (except on the festival of Corpus Christi) to see the reliquary, which is inclosed in a handsome case

secured with four keys in the possession of different persons—the bishop, the archpriest, the mayor, and the city chamberlain. The permission of the bishop formerly alone sufficed to enable a visitor to inspect the reliquary, but now the civic officials, who have a joint custody of the treasure, refuse permission to inspect it, unless the stranger be a prince of royal blood, a cardinal, or a prelate of at least archiepiscopal rank.

Fortunate therefore is the traveller who can visit Orvieto on the festival of Corpus Christi. On that day the clergy and faithful are seen to emerge from the Cathedral at nine o'clock, in a devout procession, which winds its way through the town over a course of nearly two miles in length, its solemn and religious character enhanced by the presence of all the pious confraternities of the city, with the bishop of the diocese, accompanied by ecclesiastics of every rank, arrayed in vestments of cloth of gold and silver richly embroidered. Last of all in the procession, the great reliquary, or tabernacle, which contains the sacred corporal, is borne on the shoulders of four priests, vested as for Mass in stole and chasuble. The Blessed Sacrament is simultaneously exposed for the veneration of the faithful, the consecrated Host being placed within a handsome monstrance which is fixed in an upper compartment of the reliquary. The procession took place this year on Thursday, June 4, the festival of Corpus Christi, with much of its accustomed splendour, though shorn, in these unhappy times, of the long train of members of religious orders, no longer allowed to exist in Orvieto.

The city of Orvieto, which numbers about twelve thousand inhabitants, has unfortunately for many years been the focus and chief resort of an active and violent faction of Garibaldians and revolutionists. One of these, a man of noted Liberal opinions, recently purchased a church in Orvieto, adjoining one of the suppressed religious houses. He next proceeded to pull down the sacred edifice, and has converted the site which opens into the public street into a garden, which he has inscribed and dedicated to the goddess Flora. Insolently and openly hostile to everything religious as are these people at other times, on the festival of Corpus Christi they are overawed in Orvieto by the overwhelming numbers of devout peasants who crowd into the city for the great annual festival. In presence of more than twenty thousand of these pious visitors, the Mazzinians and Garibaldians of the town keep

at home in their lurking-places, content for the day to be occupied only with their familiar work of secret machination.

An attempt was even made this year by these men, to obtain from the civic authorities a prohibition of the procession, on the pretext of danger to the public security; for the recent success of the infidel sect in Milan in preventing the intended procession in honour of St. Ambrose, afforded some encouragement for a like attempt to the sectarian fraternity in Orvieto. The procession, however, has this year taken place without the least disturbance or interruption.

Whether the efforts of the Revolutionary party to prevent this public display of the piety of the faithful will be attended next year with more success, time will show. May He Whose Almighty power intervened so mercifully to dispel the doubts of the priest in his Mass at Bolsena, hear the prayers of so many faithful souls, who are imploring the speedy intervention of the Almighty for the triumph of the Church! "May He arise," as the Psalmist prayed, "may His enemies be dispersed, and may they who hate Him be put to flight from before His face."³

G. L.

³ Psalm lxvii.

Convent Education.

THE inmates of the peaceful cloister-houses which Mr. Newdegate and a few other chivalrous English gentlemen are so anxious to invade, with the high-minded purpose of satisfying some of the most vulgar instincts of bigotry or curiosity, are, we fear, forced, in the days in which we live to keep themselves more or less informed as to what may pass in the literary or social world of a character to affect their reputations or the sacred interests of their communities. No doubt the kind of agitation as to Mr. Newdegate's proposal for the inspection of Convents which has only just subsided, has had its echo within the walls of the Convents themselves: it may have created exaggerated fears; at all events, it has disturbed the tranquillity of many a holy soul, and roused her to anxious prayer for protection against persecution, as well as for the conversion of the blundering disciples of Prince Bismarck in this country. That trouble is for the moment over—not, however, without a snarling admonition from the *Times*, that if the Convents increase too rapidly the day may come when Mr. Newdegate's principles—which are those, we are told, of the Governments of Italy and Prussia, and are right in themselves—may have to be practically applied in England. Perhaps there are up and down the country a few Convents into which the news of another attack on them, of a different kind, may have penetrated. They may have heard that *Fraser's Magazine*, "edited by J. A. Froude, M.A.," has been moralizing over the character of the Conventual Education of England and Ireland, and that its Editor has printed an article which purports to contain an account—and, of course, a very disadvantageous account—of that education, in the form, mainly, of a statement which professes to come from the hand of a person brought up within the walls of an unnamed Convent in Ireland. It may possibly be thought that here is the germ of a new trouble, in the shape of a calumny which, from its own vagueness as

well as from the circumstances of the case, it may not be easy to meet, while it yet may do a certain amount of mischief.

We are not going, in our present short paper, to enter into the details of the particular charges made against our Conventual Education in general in the pages of *Fraser's Magazine*. We forbear from undertaking this grateful task for several reasons,* a few of which it will be sufficient to specify. In the first place, the charges appear to us to come to very little in themselves, while, on the other hand, we have no security at all that they are the *bonâ fide* production of any one who has a right to speak. The letter, or statement, whatever it must be called, which forms the most important part of the article in *Fraser*, is anonymous, and we have no security, as we say, that it has been written by any one really educated in a Convent, or that, if in the main, its authorship is correctly assigned, no embellishing and artistic touches have been added by the accomplished hand of the Editor. All the world has been in the habit, for many years, of crying out against Mr. Froude, as his successive works have appeared, on the score of his reckless inaccuracy and his peculiar habit of attributing to historical persons, on the authority of garbled documents, sayings and doings which are the coinage of his own brain. It appears to us preposterous to suppose that Mr. Froude as editor has any better habits than Mr. Froude as historian, and, in consequence, to accept any fact as sufficiently proved by his sole statement, direct or implied. Our chief reason for thinking that a real Convent pupil wrote the statement in question, is that it comes, after all, to so lame a conclusion. It is not quite spicy enough for the fine hand which has added so many new and extraordinary facts to the History of England.

This, however, is a minor matter. There the statements are, whether they are the work of a real Convent *élève* ungarbled by Mr. Froude or not. As they refer more especially to Ireland, they have naturally aroused the attention of Irish writers on the Catholic side, two of whom, both eminent in their way, Mr. Murphy, the author of *Terra Incognita*, and Miss Cusack, the world-renowned Nun of Kenmare, have already announced their intention of reply to the article in question. We have no wish to take the matter out of hands so entirely competent, although, if these announcements had not been made, we should have had a few words to say on the subject of the article.

But, in the last place, we may add that, were there not other reasons for speaking on the matter, we can hardly see a reason for so doing on account of an attack in *Fraser*. This is just one of those cases in which it is quite possible for those more immediately concerned in Convent Education to exaggerate the probable effect of the blow aimed at them. The article was printed at a time when it might have had an indirect effect—as was no doubt intended—in prejudicing the public mind against Convents just at the moment when Mr. Newdegate's measure was to come on. It was, in fact, Mr. Froude's contribution to the illiberal argument: an attempt to deprive the defenders of the Convents of the advantage which they possess in the high esteem in which the education which is the work to which so many of them are devoted is generally held. There are many Englishmen and many Protestants who have no idea at all of the religious life, and who attach no value to the practices of prayer, communion with God, self-discipline, and interior perfection, which are the more essential features of that life. Still, these men understand the practical working of religion upon the mass of human ignorance and misery around them: they can appreciate the Sister of Charity in the hospital and in the ambulance, the Sister of the Good Shepherd in her care for the fallen, and in the same way, the teaching orders in their devotion to Education. The article in question was an attempt to deprive these last-named orders of a certain amount of sympathy and support by affirming, with apparent authority, that the education imparted in Convents is shallow, scanty, poor in kind and in degree, and leavened by the unwholesome influence of a continual though insidious depreciation of the married life as well as by a certain amount of exaggerated pietism. There seems also to have been a further aim—that of puffing a certain Alexandra College for girls which has been started in Dublin, with lectures given by Fellows of Trinity College. This fact seems to point to some highly "genteel" and "liberal" Catholic lady as the author of the article.

We venture to assure the many devoted souls in various Convents, who are labouring in the cause of true Christian Education of girls of the middle and upper classes, that there is no danger whatever that attacks of this sort will have any effect at all upon the great affection, confidence, and gratitude with which their work is regarded by the Catholics of England

and Ireland. It will take a good many articles in Mr. Froude's magazine to alter the high opinion so deservedly entertained of them and of their labours by those who have experience of their fruits. The community at large, which is unfortunately nine-tenths' Protestant, is ever ready to depreciate what it does not understand, and especially everything Catholic. But as to this, Convent schools are no worse off than religious orders and Catholic works and persons in general. The attack in *Fraser's Magazine* may therefore be dismissed as absolutely innocuous in itself, and it may probably lead to no small good in two ways. In the first place, the answers which it will evoke may give their writers an opportunity of setting before the public the real benefits which these Convent schools, with so little of pretence or ostentation, confer upon the religious community to which they belong, and through that, indirectly, upon the community at large. In the second place, like so many unfair charges, it may stimulate the persons against which it is launched to still greater exertions to merit that confidence, a fresh display of which is certain to be occasioned by this incident, and it may also set them thinking as to possible means of improvement, and the further development of those good elements in their system of education, in which it can never have any dangerous rivals.

In truth, the system of Convent Education is a benefit to the population which exists nowhere at all outside the Catholic Church. We are mistaken if even those indefatigable plagiarists of everything Catholic, the Puseyites and Ritualists, have to any appreciable degree attempted to enter upon this particular field. The Protestants and Anglicans have still to choose between home education for their girls and the young ladies' schools of various kinds conducted by persons who have no religious vocation to ennoble their arduous task. Catholics, on the other hand, have hardly any "establishments for young ladies," conducted by any but religious women, and to this we may add, without any fear of contradiction, that Catholic girls are sent to Convent schools in far greater numbers than Protestant girls are to other schools. We have not a word to say against these last-named schools in their proper place, nor have we any wish to speak against the system of home education, which, indeed, when circumstances do not forbid it, seems to be the natural mode of education for Catholics and Protestants alike. As a matter of fact, however, the

number of cases in which this home education becomes impracticable, not only for boys, but for girls, is very large, and the result has been the flourishing system of Convent schools which has been attacked in the article of *Fraser's Magazine*. It is a system of which we may well be proud. There are in England and Ireland a number of ladies devoted to the good work who, in intelligence, refinement, and literary cultivation, in the gift of imparting knowledge and training character, as well as in the power of winning confidence and affection, and leading on the young soul to the highest things both in the natural and supernatural order, equal if they do not far surpass, any teachers that can be found elsewhere within the shores of the two islands. The fruit of their labours is that we have a large class of well educated Christian women, more numerous in proportion to our own numbers than any similar class among Anglicans and Protestants, who become in their turn housewives and mothers, or the teachers of another generation either as governesses or as religious. The writer before us has remarked, not without a sneer, upon the ubiquity which seems to belong to Irish religious women. He might have said the same, in a degree, of Englishwomen, and in both cases the fact is no matter for a sneer. That such is the case is in no slight measure owing to the universality of Convent Education: but it is only half of the result for which that education has to be credited. The other half is, that our Catholic families have in so many cases a virtuous well instructed Christian lady at their head, among whose most cherished reminiscences are the memories of her years of education within Convent walls, where some of her best friendships have been formed, and who would laugh heartily at the idea that she could not carry out the practical lessons which she received as a girl, just as well in the position of a happy wife and mother as if she had been called to dedicate her life to God alone as an inmate of the cloister. And we doubt whether there are any institutions in the land which are regarded generally with more loving gratitude by those who have passed through them than these Convent schools. Certain it is, that any attack on them, or any attempt even to depreciate them, rouses the blood of English and Irish Catholics as hardly anything else rouses it. There is one sure way for our enemies to enrage us and to force from us an united and most indignant protest. That way is to assail our Convents.

It may be said that to allow all this is not to affirm that the system of Conventual Education has no faults, or rather, no shortcomings. It may be said that people who are badly and flimsily educated are the last persons in the world to be aware of the fact, and that their devotion to those who have so educated them in no way proves that they have not been so educated. We answer, in the first place, that as Catholics have to meet and contend with Protestants on every social arena at somewhat of a disadvantage in all other respects, they might be expected to be quick enough in detecting any feature of inferiority which can be set down to so tangible a cause as the incapacity or inefficiency of their teachers. They start on unequal terms, and must be supposed, therefore, to be keenly alive as to any source of inequality to which it is easy to apply a remedy. But, in truth, we are by no means concerned to undertake the proof of the proposition that Conventual Education might not be further improved. It may turn out by-and-bye, that the boasted advance in general education, of which we hear so much, is a fallacy and a mischief. It may be the case that the boys and girls who are now being taught so many subjects of which their fathers and mothers were content to remain ignorant until their minds were well trained for the acquirement of knowledge, may turn out less really educated, less well trained and formed, than their fathers and their mothers. But we are not denying, in a certain sense, that progress has been made in education. There are better books to learn from than of old, perhaps the science of teaching is more studied, education occupies more attention than formerly, there is more scope for the beneficial use of competition, of comparison between one school and another, of combination of efforts, of communication between teachers of various places, and the like. That is, the material machinery of education has advanced, and what is best of all, the appreciation of good education as a social necessity has advanced also.

This progress, however, in no way affects the position of the teaching orders at the head of the educational movement generally, either as to men or women. We say, advisedly, at the head. An order has a power in education which can never be possessed by isolated persons, or by persons who are united by chance or by interest for the pursuit of the work of education. We need not prove what so many, at

least, of our readers, will be ready to take for granted. We need only point to the illustration of the truth of which we speak which has been afforded in the last two centuries. In the last century, when infidels, aided by the corrupt monarchies of the Bourbon family and the insidious enemies of the Church who followed Jansenius, Pascal, and Quesnel, were bent on the destruction of religion and Christian society in Europe, they had, as an essential condition to the possibility of success, first to destroy the great teaching order which had been in the front rank of Catholic Education since the Council of Trent. They succeeded in their effort, and the way was paved for the Revolution. In our own time, when the statesmen of Germany conceived the same idea of the humiliation of the Church and the enslavement of religion, they began in precisely the same way, by the banishment and proscription of the teaching orders. Catholics have, at least, as sure an instinct as their enemies, and they will never be so foolish as not to recognize the great gift that Providence has bestowed on the Church in the education of her children by religious men and women. And we may be quite sure, that in proportion as Education becomes more and more the great battlefield—in proportion as the attention of the Church and her rulers is more and more fixed on Education as the one work, almost above all others, on which her prosperity depends, just in the same proportion will this truth be recognized, that in this as in all other matters which require special zeal, special power, and special devotion, religious bodies must be called in even where the attempt has been made to do without them. Christian Education, in its largest sense, is an undertaking which can never succeed if there is any exclusiveness or jealousy in the councils of those who manage it. Even if such a spirit were to reign for a time, the force of necessity would soon cast it out.

We may feel quite sure that, wherever education is really improved or capable of improvement, then religious teachers of both sexes will be found in the van of the advanced. They will be willing to take useful hints from whatever quarter they may come. We are not concerned to prove that there are no Convents in England or Ireland where the historical catechisms, which are used, might not be superseded by better books, or where Sister this or Sister that may not entertain her pupils with prophecies about the three days' darkness, or even go so

very far beyond the Gospel according to Mr. Froude, as to hint that while marriage is honourable, the virgin life holds a higher place in the balance of Scripture and the Church. We have no doubt whatever that there are many nuns who are engaged in education who would gladly be better informed and more fitted for their high employment than they feel themselves to be, and that they could make out a far more really formidable list of deficiencies, which they would gladly supply if they could, than any that is to be gathered from this article of their detractor. They would gladly have better books, more competition, more of the elements which develope activity of mind, the literary taste, the true cultivation of the faculties, than are within their reach. Sometimes the number of inmates of a Convent who can be devoted to education is small; sometimes they have toiled for years, and need rest and refreshment. In many cases the school is the school of a Convent which has no practical connection with any other, and so cannot draw, as is the case with the great teaching orders, on the resources of a larger body. Sometimes the Convent is an offshoot of a foreign order, and has not yet quite unlearned its Frenchery or its Germanism. The children are *élèves* instead of pupils, and talk about their *action de grâces* or their *examen de conscience* instead of using the Queen's English. The cold water tub is not of daily use. They "profit of occasions," and have a way of writing to their "beloved parents" instead of their mammas or papas. Terrible evils, indeed, to set against the pure, holy, and enlightening influences which surround them on every side! Then there is as yet no organized system of inspection, no examination by persons unconnected with the institution, and so no real external test of progress and proficiency, such as is supplied to English public schools by the Universities, and to poor schools connected with Government by the Queen's Inspectors. These and other things are true, and the Convents, we are convinced, would be the first to acknowledge their truth. After all, such deficiencies are no fault of the Convents themselves, and they are very easily remedied. The writer of the ill-natured article in *Fraser's Magazine* may rest assured that we are too keenly interested in our own education not to be aware of what has yet to be done to make it more perfect, and that we shall not improve it a whit sooner—or a whit later—for anything that has been said by him.

Catholic Review.

I.—REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

1. *The Pilgrimage of the Tiber.* By William Davies. Sampson Low and Co.

THE reception which this interesting book has met with is well deserved. There is always a special charm in seeking out the birthplace of a river. The story of that river which has the greatest history had, as far as we know, been left till now unchronicled. Mr. Davies has done his task conscientiously. His descriptions are interesting, his word-painting truthful, and he has brought to his work a mind well stored with classical history. We only regret that a Catholic had not forestalled him, or that, perhaps too much to expect, Mr. Davies could have realized how sacred the very atmosphere is which hangs over that grand old stream, laden as it is, from the Appenines to Ostia, with the memories of Christian history. He has made long extracts from the mediæval chronicles; but apart from their novelty and the lively and naive way in which the events are therein recorded, there is hardly anything in history more dreary than the inhuman and purposeless squabbles of the various Italian cities. They have as little interest as the endless wars of the Indian tribes of North America. The decline of religion in Italy, which was at once their cause and their consequence, is anything but a pleasing picture. Yet all the while, along side of these, there was plenty of genuine holiness and Christian virtue to furnish forth stories more interesting than can be found in the lives of such mercenaries as Forte Braccio. It is saddening to think how a Protestant education can close the mind to the great history of the Church, and give in its place the stray stories of pagan or mythological Rome. The only hero of the middle ages that has impressed himself on Mr. Davies' mind is the revolutionary Arnold of Brescia. Julius the Second, a much truer hero, a great sovereign, and one who put a stop to the wretched anarchy of which we read so much, certainly never made his way to the Papacy by force of arms.¹ When once elected Pope, he felt the importance of maintaining intact the temporal rights of the Holy See; and of freeing its towns and territories from the petty tyrants who held unlawful sway in so many parts of the Papal States; and as every sovereign has the right to do,

¹ P. 15.

where peaceful means proved unavailing, he had recourse to the sword.

The solemn Basilica of SS. Vincent and Anastasius, once the home of St. Bernard, now the dwelling-place of his successors, the Fathers of La Trappe, is certainly in a locality "trying to the resident community." When Mr. Davies re-writes his pleasant pages, he will have to speak of their self-devotion as a thing of the past. They came there to try, at the risk of their lives, the great experiment whether the Campagna could be made habitable. They had nearly succeeded, as Cistercians had done in like cases, though not without the sacrifice of many of their number. This year they were going to stay through the unhealthy season, and to begin to reap the fruit of their toils. The Giunta Liquidatrice—*Anglicé*, Suppressors of the Religious Houses—has graciously permitted them to remain there through the time of danger, and then will take possession of their lands. In Mr. Davies' brief notice of the Basilica of St. Paul, he strangely omits all notice of the valuable library. In the long extract from the Autobiography of Cellini, the boastful artist talks of flying with waxen wings "as far as Prati"—surely *i prati*, or meadows behind the castle? This quotation, together with the history of Augustus which follows it, seem needless padding to a work where every step suggests fresh thoughts, and gives occasion to stories less known and newer than those which are so often introduced. It was a pity Mr. Hemans did not, during their few days stay at La Storta,² point out the little chapel where the words of promise were spoken to St. Ignatius of Loyola—*Ego vobis Romæ propitius ero*.

The author regrets that Young Italy, while having so much in its power, uses so little "its capabilities . . . in teaching the great law that the only way to . . . national greatness lies in a . . . personal self-respect—a love of right for right's sake, and of truth because it is true." The Machiavellian principles on which that new kingdom was founded, still forms its ruling spirit. The revelations of both friend and foe have proved that Italy's weal or Italy's moral elevation were not the moving motives of the Italian revolution. It has made many a ruin: it cannot show much else. There is³ a very interesting description of Bagnorea, which has a special interest this year, the centenary of St. Bonaventure, as the town boasts of being the Seraphic Doctor's birthplace. It has a more modern interest as the scene of a brave fight of the Pope's troops against its Garibaldian invaders in 1867.

The description of that wonderful act of faith in the Blessed Sacrament, the Cathedral of Orvieto,⁴ is exceedingly good, though the writer stays his hand almost provokingly after telling very brilliantly the subject of Luca Signorelli's frescoes in one of the side chapels. He evidently did not know of the old Dominican cloister hard by, where St. Thomas is said to have written the Office of Corpus Christi

² P. 174.

³ P. 133.

⁴ P. 249.

and where from the mouth of a venerable Crucifix he received his Master's thanks; and where, too, his breviary and skull-cap are reverently preserved.

No one who has read many pages of the Martyrologium but has remarked that Tudertum, or Todi, boasts a large share of the martyrs of the early ages. It is a town that lies off the road, and is rarely visited, spite of its many points of interest. The first claim to a Christian's interest is passed unnoticed, perhaps because unknown, in the very pleasant description Mr. Davies gives of the place.

The memories of Assisi are gracefully recorded. We need hardly say that the Order of St. Francis was *not* "called that of the Black Friars."⁵ These were Dominicans, while the Friars of Orders Grey were the Franciscans, who retained the rough, undyed woollen habit of their founder. Nor is it correct to say that the "sepulchral crypt of the Saint was formed from a hollow in the rock where his remains were found."⁶ Our readers may remember that the body, or rather the massive stone coffin in which it lay, with its three massive lids all bound together by bars of iron, was found solidly built into a narrow grave cut down into the living rock, and it required a regular mine, the work of pick and chisel, to reach the spot where, for fear of losing their treasure, the sacred remains had been hidden by his townsmen of Assisi. It is sad to think that the triple church is now treated merely as a show-place—an art curiosity, and that hardly a lamp burns around the gilded grating that incloses the body of the Saint.

Mr. Davies is at sea, very naturally, about the Possidenti, as the Conventuals are called, and does *not* seem to be aware that the whole Sacro Convento, beautiful and stately as it is, was in direct contravention to the first rule of St. Francis, the work of Fra Elia, who appears to have had a desire to raise up an order with more of the stately character of the Monastic bodies, than of the simplicity of the poor man of Assisi.

Friar Berardino di Quillo of Siena⁷ in the power of his preaching might have stood for St. Bernardine, but for the date, 1492, some years after that great peace-maker's death.

The Pilgrimage to the Tiber, as written by a non-Catholic, stands out in pleasant contrast with most Protestant works which deal with Catholic countries. It is honest and truthful, spite of the few mistakes to which we have called attention; and we can only add that our best wish for its author would be that he could revisit these scenes he so gracefully describes, with the faith of St. Gregory, St. Francis, of St. Bonaventure, and so be able to do still more justice to the task he has so well fulfilled.

⁵ P. 291.⁶ P. 294.⁷ P. 284.

2. *The Three Kings*, and other Poems. By Emily Bowles. Burns and Oates, 1874.

The readers of this review have often enjoyed the graceful verses which Miss Bowles has the gift of writing, and they will gladly welcome the little volume before us, which consists in great part of poems which have appeared in these pages. Such a circumstance, to some extent, precludes us from indulging in criticism, even though, as in the present case, that criticism could be little more than simple and sincere praise. We have spoken of graceful verses, but there is often a depth of thought and power of expression about these compositions which make them real poetry. We can only regret that Miss Bowles has written so little. The first and most ambitious of the pieces in this volume is new to us. *The Three Kings* is a dramatic poem on the subject of the Magi. We extract from it the following song—

Where is the glory of Thy name,
The splendour of Thine hour,
Thy path of lightning flame,
Thy world-creating power?
No desert flower
Unfolds so meekly to the day
As Saron's royal Rose,
Beside the world's highway;
Its petals fresh unclosed
In wintry bower.

Dark clouds aye veiled Jehovah's form,
No eye might see His Face,
He spoke in Sinai's storm,
Unseen His dwelling-place,
The day of grace
Deep hidden in the womb of time;
But now the dripping rain,
Recalls the earth's fresh prime,
Man lives and breathes again,
Renewed in race.

Throughout the silent primal years
We watched around the throne;
We watched the weight of tears
Pleading to God alone.
Beloved One!
Thy birth hath caused the isles to sing,
The nations hail Thy light,
The faithful greet their King,
And haste through starry night
Their God to own.

Glory to Thee, Immanuel!
Creator, Creature, God!
Thy beauty who can tell,
Sweet rose from dark brown sod!
In blest abode
The angels hymn their gladdest strains,
The heavens bow down to earth,
On earth Immanuel reigns;
Creation hails the birth
Of Christ our God.

Another beautiful poem is entitled, *Photograph after Death*; it is the picture of a beautiful boy of ten years old.

Tread softly, though you will not wake him now,
 He looks asleep, but sleep till doom will last ;
 Come near and rede the angel vision pale,
 The blue-veined lids and brow,
 The golden curls like sunny rays, that burst through misty vale.
 Ye will not wake him, his ten years are fled,
 His life has bloomed to its most radiant hour,
 His reason ripened for the Feast Divine,
 When He Who wakes the dead
 Removed the fragrant flower,
 To where, about the crystal sea, His fairest blossoms shine,
 Pale winter snowdrops, pensile drooping, lie
 In bands transparent, white and fair as they ;
 White buds, green leaves, the fragile form enfold,
 Aye, hidden by-and-by
 In sleep till Judgment Day ;
 While I, without him, pine and watch till empty life grows old.
 I turn from thy dear image, flower wreathed,
 To walk through life's dull round and weary task,
 I wander, weeping, on the darksome road ;
 The sword of death seems sheathed,
 And now I only ask
 To know thee happy, watching o'er thy mother, safe with God.

3. *Joannis Maldonati Commentarii in Quatuor Evangelistas.* Quos pristinae integritati restitutos, novis studiis auctos denuo edidit Dr. J. M. Raich. Mayantiae, 1874.

The verdict of nearly three centuries has confirmed Bossuet's praise of Maldonado, the model of commentators on the Gospels. It is not necessary to say a word to our readers on their merits. We owe a great debt to their recent editor, Dr. Raich. Maldonado was one of the many who felt the immense importance of adapting theological science to the needs of the time, and far from despising scholastic theology, or the Aristotelian philosophy on which it was based, regretted that during the time of peace which preceded the Reformation both had degenerated into a chop-logic, little suited to cope with the arguments which the fifteenth century heretics brought against the faith. He looked upon a thorough knowledge of Scripture as the natural weapon to be used against those who tried to set the Bible against the Church. Excellently well trained in the University of Salamanca, practised in the struggles with French Protestantism, his Commentaries on the four Gospels were the last fruits of a gifted and carefully educated mind. But only the first volume, the Commentary on St. Matthew, had received the last correction, and had been offered by the author to the General of his order, Claudius Aquaviva, when God called him suddenly to his reward. The other three were sent to the University of Pont-à-Mousson, to be edited by a board of five theologians, who, like the rest of the professors in that magnificent foundation of the Dukes of Lorraine, belonged to the Society of Jesus. This Pont-à-Mousson edition, the result of labours so careful and so conscientious, so inspired with reverence for the great theologian who had just been taken from their midst, is naturally the most perfect reproduction of Maldonado's work.

But of the twenty editions through which it has since passed, what with the freaks of editors, the errors of printers, the omissions and additions to the original text, the distance has been growing greater and greater between its various reproductions and the masterpiece of the Spanish commentator. We have to thank Dr. Raich for having conscientiously restored the text after the first edition of Pont-à-Mousson. To show how much it was needed he calculates that he found at least one hundred and fifty words had been changed, and five hundred left out. In addition he has added a brief memoir, a very interesting compendium of P. Prat's *Maldonat et l'Université de Paris*. The only additions on which he has ventured in the body of the work are critical notes and parallel passages, which had been inserted by P. Madur in his edition; and here and there a few notes, critical or theological, of the author's own.

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4. *Frankfurt's Reich's Correspondenz*, nebst andern verwandten Actenstücken von 1376—1519, herausgegeben von Dr. F. Janssen. 2 Bände gr. 8vo. bei Herder in Freiburg, 1864—1873.

Before giving our readers an account of this important collection of documents, we deem it necessary to cast a retrospective glance on the activity of the renowned historian Böhmer, to whose initiative the origin of the work now under consideration is due. The prominent position now occupied by Germany in consequence of the publication of the original documents and sources of her history, may be chiefly ascribed to this Frankfurt *savant*, no less than to Pertz. The illustrious Baron von Stein, who rendered such services to Prussia, may claim the credit of having enlisted these two learned men in this scientific work. Dissatisfied as he was with the new conditions which the Congress of Vienna had made for Germany, and seeing his hopes for his country's better fortunes deferred to a distant future, he willingly turned from the present to the glorious epoch of the ancient German Empire. Being thorough in everything, he set himself to explore the primary sources of the history of his Fatherland, and having by persevering labour convinced himself how incomplete and inaccessible were most editions of the ancient German historians, he conceived the design of gathering them into one collection for general use. With a view to this, he founded in 1819, at Frankfort, the Society for the Monuments of Ancient German History, and it was settled, in order to the realization of his plan, that the two distinguished *savants*, Böhmer and Pertz, who henceforth devoted all their energies to the publication of original documents and historical sources, should be engaged. When Pertz had assumed the direction of the *Monumenta Germaniæ Historica*, the groundwork of the undertaking was solidly established by the aid of Böhmer, who in 1824, took upon himself, for a long series of years, the burdensome post of secretary and treasurer of the society, and became the active centre

of the enterprize, for the sake of which he made several scientific journeys. In 1826, the first volume of the *Monumenta Germaniæ Historica*, made its appearance, and has been followed ever since by an uninterrupted series of numbers.

No sooner had Böhmer discovered that it was his vocation to study the Germany of the middle ages, than he applied himself mainly to the investigation of the original records, which he deemed the most genuine, important, and fertile of the sources of history, the most solid basis of historical lore. His industry made him discover the necessity of registers, *i.e.*, of accurate chronological *data*, and of compendious tables of the contents both of the printed and manuscript documents. Böhmer set about supplying this need in 1829. He set forth in a brief *résumé*, the facts contained in each original record, gave references to the books in which they might be met with in print, and to the archives where the manuscripts were still preserved, thus laying an imperishable groundwork for the study of German history. His first *Imperial Registers*, comprising four centuries (A.D. 913—1313) from the reign of Conrad the First, appeared in 1831. They were followed in 1833 by a collection of the *Registers of the Carolingians*. In 1839 appeared the *Registers of Louis of Bavaria*, to which may be added three supplementary volumes in the years 1841, 1846, and 1865.

The more he laboured in the compilation of these registers, the greater the perfection of his results. He therefore began in 1844, to re-edit his *Imperial Registers* in a new and more extended form. The volume published in the year above-mentioned, extends from 1246 to 1313, and deals with three thousand seven hundred and eighty-six documents, a number he brought up to four thousand two hundred and ninety-three, in the Appendix which appeared in 1848.

He gives an exhaustive summary of each State Paper, so as to dispense the student from the necessity of wading through the original document, adding, as he proceeds, most valuable annotations, and interweaving numerous dissertations on points of greater moment. At the same time he bound together the original records with the authorities he continually refers to in his preliminary treatises, so that this book is available as a collection of the several writers it alleges. The new edition of the *Staufish Registers* (A.D. 1198—1254), which came out in 1847 and 1849, are, if possible, still more complete. Giesebrecht, whose views of the mediæval period differ from those of Böhmer, has passed this judgment on the work. "These productions of Böhmer, may be looked upon as forming an epoch in the study of mediæval German history, no less than the publication of the *Monumenta Germaniæ*."

So convinced was Böhmer of the necessity for collecting and arranging in order the original monuments and sources of history, that he was wont to say that all historical investigation which neglects this, is mere labour lost. For this reason he gave his attention to the particular history of Germany, and to excite imitation, he edited in 1836, the *Book of the Frankfurt State Papers*, in 1854, the

Wittelbach Registers, and was working on the Records of the Archbishopric of Mainz, when death overtook him in 1863.

His constant aim was to propagate and further the studies he pursued with so much ardour. By his shining example, his personal encouragement, and by pecuniary assistance, he induced many learned men to edit original documents and historical sources, and thus extended his influence far beyond the borders of Germany. The Neapolitan historian, Nicola Buccino, followed the plan of Böhmer's *Staufish Registers* in his edition of the State Papers of Frederick the Second, concerning Italy, and the erudite French annalist, Huillard Bréholles, took him for his model in his comprehensive publication, *Historia diplomatica Frederici Secundi*. Faffé likewise found in these same Imperial Registers a model, without which he had hardly have finished his *Regesta Pontificum Romanorum*, greeted with such applause by the learned world.

Though Böhmer was a Protestant, his researches into mediæval history had inspired him with the deepest veneration and love for the Catholic Church and the Papacy; he was wont to lavish the greatest eulogies on the Church and the illustrious Popes of the middle ages, for their labours in the cause of human progress; the Church, to his mind, corresponded with every need of the human heart. One of the last acts of his life was a generous contribution to a convent, yet, despite of this, he tarried, as Görres told him, at the open portals of the Church, and died a Protestant in the arms of a Catholic religious. His favourite day-dream was that of a general reunion of Protestants with the Catholic Church; he was loth to return alone, though he withheld not his praise from those of his friends who had the happiness to take this step.

Dr. F. Janssen was one of the best friends and ablest scholars of this illustrious man, under whose stimulus and direction he undertook the editing of the Frankfort Imperial Correspondence, and has devoted well-nigh two score years to the earnest and laborious toils of historical investigation. The Frankfort archives, the treasures whereof are thus unlocked to us, are the richest in Germany. The documents relating to the local history of this city had been published by Böhmer in 1836, and now his pupil has edited the State Papers appertaining to the Empire, and completed them by cognate documents gathered from other archives and original historical sources. No less than two thousand four hundred and seventy-six of these papers are given either in the original text, or in the annotations, which have been hitherto published.

Most of these existed but in manuscript, while those already in print have been carefully collated with their originals, and thus numerous *errata* have been made to disappear, and many *lacunæ* have been filled up. The completion of this work necessitated the thorough examination of more than eleven thousand diplomatic reports, of letters in cipher, and of minutes of the Imperial Diets. The original documents

may be classed in several categories, treating, as they do, not only of the foreign relations of the German Empire, but of the manner and customs of private life, in fact, they deal with every social condition, which they reflect with exact and living truth.¹

It were needless to add that these reports of the Frankfort ambassadors, now given for the first time to the public, are most interesting. Baron von Hübner in his Preface to the *Life of Sixtus the Fifth* has given expression to his appreciation of their authenticity and importance. The publication of the Frankfort correspondence cannot but suggest a comparison with the well-known Venetian despatches and reports. The burghers of Frankfort may well claim to rank next to the accomplished statesmen of the Signoria, on the score of diplomatic culture and ability, but over and above these qualities, their reports bear the impress of sterling honesty, of open sincerity, of manly sentiment, and of sound and practical judgment.

We cannot but recommend this work of Dr. Janssen as a first-class historical collection, a storehouse for the history of the close of the middle ages.

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5. *Dr. Vering. (Manual of Catholic and Protestant ecclesiastical jurisprudence, with particular reference to the Vatican Council, Germany, Austria, and Switzerland.)*

Many cheering signs enable us to forecast the favourable issue of the violent conflict in which the Catholics of Germany are now engaged with the depositaries of power, their concord, seeing that clergy, nobility, and people are of one heart and mind, their submission to the Holy See, their constancy in suffering, the energy and boldness of their periodical press, and especially their activity in the field of scientific research. It is not to be denied that no small portion of the credit of seconding these scientific undertakings belongs of right to the bookselling firm of Herder, which has speedily become one of the most extensive book concerns in Germany. Its yearly issue amounts to from fifty to more than seventy volumes. But what is most praiseworthy is, that of their love for Holy Church, they take in hand learned publications of a class, the commercial risk of which far outbalances the prospective profits, works, which ordinarily can be bought only by public subscriptions. Such, for instance, is the publication under notice; the collection, too, of all the modern Councils (the Collection of Maria-Laach). Besides which, they have now in hand two important undertakings, the second edition of *Wetzer's Kirchen Lexicon*, and Theological Encyclopædia (*Theologische Bibliothek*), comprising in twenty large octavo volumes manuals of every branch of theological study and its auxiliary sciences. The most distinguished Catholic savants of Germany are engaged on this work. The first part of Dr. Vering's Manual of Canon Law has just issued from the press. Besides a

¹ Herr Pothast, a Catholic savant and librarian at Berlin, has undertaken the continuation of these Imperial Records, and has been rewarded with a prize.

conspectus of the literature of ecclesiastical jurisprudence, it contains a complete history of the ancient sources of Church law as considered from the standpoint of the most recent investigations. It traces the historical development of ecclesiastico-political relations, and takes an exhaustive view of the connection between Church and State, from the beginning of this century to the present time. The conflict now raging in Germany between the Church and the civil power is handled with thoroughness, deep insight, and accuracy; nor can we remember any work that may vie with Dr. Vering's in this respect. We may therefore add that while the erudition of the recent publication commends it to canonists, its description of the present contest between Church and State renders it most interesting to lay and non-professional readers.

6. *The Spiritual Conflict and Conquest.* By Dom J. Castaniza, O.S.B. Edited, with Preface and Notes, by Canon Vaughan, Monk of the English Benedictine Congregation. Burns and Oates, 1874.

The book which English Catholics in general have been in the habit of calling the *Spiritual Combat* is here given us, in an old English translation, handsomely reprinted, and edited by Canon Vaughan. The second part of the work, which is called the *Spiritual Conquest*, appears to have been almost from the first, if not originally, separated from the former part. Canon Vaughan tells us that he thinks St. Francis of Sales, whose value for the *Spiritual Combat* is well known, never met with the *Spiritual Conquest*. The whole work is claimed, and as far as appears, on sufficient grounds—though some good critics are still unsatisfied—for Dom J. Castaniza, a Benedictine monk of Spain, about whom not very much is known, save that he was the author of this work, and of others which might have made him famous if the *Spiritual Combat* had not been more than enough for fame. The most conspicuous of the other works connected with his name is the publication of the *Insinuationes Divinæ Pietatis* of St. Gertrude. As a matter of fact, Castaniza is not nearly so well known as his book, which has been very generally attributed to the famous Theatine, Lorenzo¹ Scupoli. A glance at the volume before us explains this seeming anomaly. Scupoli made the work his own, translated it into Italian, and enlarged it very considerably. He took it almost as a text-book for his own commentary, if we may use the illustration, and his "enlargements," as they are termed in the edition before us, must certainly be allowed to have added very greatly to its value. The present editor, following herein the old English edition which he has reprinted, has done very wisely in leaving them as they are, an integral part of the text, making only a marginal note to indicate the change of authorship. In fact, Castaniza without Scupoli would be, in many parts of the *Spiritual Combat*, bones without flesh. Any one who takes up a common edition

¹ Canon Vaughan, we do not know on what authority, calls him Paolo.

of the work in Italian, French, or English, and compares it with the volume now before us, will see what we mean. There are some chapters which are entirely Scupoli's, and others in which he has the largest share. Such being the case, it is a pity that Canon Vaughan has not given us either one thing or the other, either the original Castaniza with nothing else, or the whole work of the two authors as it stands in the last editions published in Scupoli's lifetime. This last alternative would have given us a much fuller *Spiritual Combat* than that now before us, as may be seen by a comparison either with the edition of the Theatine editor, Carlo de Palma (1657), or with any of the modern translations in French or English.

It requires very little acquaintance with the ways of literary men of the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries, to understand how, if so it was, Scupoli took possession, so to speak, of Castaniza's outline; nor would either of these two holy men have been induced to fight about the authorship, either on their own account or on account of their respective orders. Canon Vaughan, who seems to us hardly to have done justice to Scupoli's part of the whole, warns his readers (curiously enough, *apropos* to a chapter entitled "How to make a Pious Meditation"), that "corporate selfishness and a narrow spirit of exclusiveness are un-Christlike and un-Benedictine"—and we suppose we may add, un-Theatine also. (In this, as in other of his notes, he seems to be "girding" at somebody or other, in what seems to us, if we may venture to say so, a not very Benedictine manner; but that matters very little, except to himself.) We may take it for granted that neither Castaniza or Scupoli would have made any great efforts to claim his own strict rights as to authorship. Criticism must be more accurate and exacting. The plan and outline of the whole work, and the greater part of its substance, seem to belong to the Spanish author; but if Scupoli's additions and comments were cut out of the *Spiritual Combat*, it would not be the book which has been so universally treasured by Christians, the book which St. Francis de Sales and other saints have carried about with them for constant perusal. Scupoli is not to be classed with the pious editors of the *Imitation of Christ*, who have added prayers and reflections of their own to the chapters of that incomparable book. He is not a mere enlarger. The *Spiritual Combat* which the Church has always treasured is, in great part at least, due to him as its author.

The second part of the work, the *Spiritual Conquest*, has not been nearly so well known as the part which Scupoli seems to have popularized. It forms nearly three-fifths of the whole book, and is divided into five treatises, the titles of which must serve as indicating their contents to the readers of this short notice. The first is, "Of the Discovery of our Enemies' Ambushes," Self-love, Affection to Creatures, "Extroversion," Bitterness of Heart, Scrupulosity, Excessive Study, and Tepidity. The second treatise is of "The Use and Practice of our Spiritual Weapons;" the third, "Of the Steps and Degrees of Per-

fection;" the fourth, "Of the Steps and Degrees of Divine and Seraphical Love;" and the last, "Of the Choicest Maxims of Mystical Divinity." This last treatise is very long, and is divided into thirty-seven "maxims," and twenty-two "doubts." It is the sort of book which no criticism can do justice to. A book like this must be used and lived by, and no one but a theologian deeply versed in the literature and lore of mysticism would be anything but presumptuous in passing a judgment upon it.

We are bound, with much regret, to add a word as to the Editor's part of the volume. It has evidently been a work of love and of labour. Canon Vaughan has written a careful Preface, and has illustrated the work throughout—chiefly, however, the first portion—with a series of notes, sometimes of his own composition, but oftener consisting of quotations from spiritual writers of the highest authority. We opened the volume with the highest anticipations, and we do not say that we have been entirely disappointed. But nothing, as it appears to us, is more out of place in a work like the present, a spiritual work, bearing on its cover the Benedictine "Pax," and emanating from a member of the oldest and most famous religious order in the world, than the occasional "trumpet-blowing" in which Canon Vaughan is apt to indulge. Surely, if there is anywhere a body of men who can afford to follow the Wise Man's precept, "Let another praise thee, and not thy own mouth," that body is the Order of St. Benedict. As far as we know, this self-laudation has never been laid to the charge of the order. Our readers will never have met it in the works of the best English Benedictines—in the writings of Bishop Ullathorne, or Bishop Hedley, or Dr. Sweeney. This, however, is not all. Canon Vaughan *Pacem duello miscuit*—His crows are crows of defiance as well as of jubilation. There are, we don't say many—but there are more than two or three places in this volume, in which the trumpet seems to be blown at other bodies, who, as it seems to be hinted, are thought to be given to "narrowness," or want of "generosity," or "corporate selfishness," or an absence of the "Benedictine spirit of liberty," and the like. Systems and methods are glanced at, as well as men. A long paper lies before us, in which some of these faults of taste—not to use a stronger expression, which might yet be more just—are dealt with in detail. Our sense of the importance of peace among Catholic writers, our deep veneration for the Benedictine body, our great respect for its English members, and our earnest desire not to go farther than is absolutely necessary in the line of exposing a mistake which we believe Canon Vaughan will live to regret and to correct, are sufficient reasons to us for contenting ourselves with this general protest, which we venture to think will not be deemed unnecessary by any fair judges who may have perused the passages to which we refer. Canon Vaughan gives ample proof, in the volume before us, of the ability and industry which he will certainly bring to any future labours—and we trust they will be very many—which he

may hereafter undertake for the benefit of the Church. Is it too much to hope that in those future labours we may have—just a *little* less of pugnacity?

7. *The Life of Anne Catharine Emmerich.* Quarterly Series, vol. x. Burns and Oates, 1874.

It is not very long since we were able to lay before our readers a sketch of the childhood of Anne Catharine Emmerich, the famous visionary of the end of the last and the beginning of the present century. Those who remember that sketch, and who are familiar—as so many of us are familiar—with the translation of her contemplations on the Passion of our Blessed Lord, will certainly be grateful to the author of the volume before us, for giving us a complete narrative of the whole life of this very remarkable servant of God. We see it is incidentally stated in the Preface, that the times in which Anne Catharine lived and suffered—for her life was one of continual suffering—were very like our own. Both then and now, the Church was, and is, under persecution, especially in Germany and Italy, and then as now the enemies of the Church, with an unerring instinct, aimed their attacks principally against the Holy See and the religious orders. The parallel might be continued into many ramifications, but it is enough here to observe that the resemblance between the two periods is of itself sufficient to give a special interest to the Life of Anne Catharine Emmerich. Her vocation and her gifts were alike extraordinary, while the example of heroic Christian virtue which she gave to those around her, whether before or after her entrance into religion, or again, when after the suppression of her convent she lived for many years in a poor room, suffering continual sickness, and favoured by the most wonderful revelations, belongs to that more uniform though varied range of saintliness, which is characteristic of the chosen servants of God. Whatever may be thought of her contemplations, or of the marvels connected with her physical condition which attracted as much attention, as much devotion, and as much scoffing unbelief, in that foolish and hard-hearted age, as similar phenomena in the case of Louise Lateau have attracted in our own time—there can be little doubt about her beautiful charity, her transparent simplicity, her patience, humility, and burning love for the glory of God and the good of mankind.

We venture to say that no one will take up this volume without feeling engrossed by its subject, and that no one will read it in a Christian spirit without benefit to himself. There are many who have an instinctive shrinking from the supernatural, especially when it is brought home to them in the form of intimate communications with the unseen world; or again, of those marvellous physical sufferings of which examples seem to recur, as by a special providence, age after age, in the annals of the Church, in which the Passion of our Blessed Lord seems to be set forth with a vividness which reminds us of the saying of

St. Paul to the Galatians, that Jesus Christ had been "set forth before their eyes, crucified among them." There is certainly no necessity for such persons to feed their minds upon what does not appear to nourish them in grace and piety, so long as they do not find fault with others who feel differently; and the mind of the Church has always been to deal with such phenomena soberly and cautiously, as well as reverently. In a narrative like that before us, there is plenty to interest those who delight in a simple and beautiful picture of Christian virtue suffering in an unsympathetic world. The character of Anne Catharine shines out from every page, and a very lovely and touching character it is.

We observe that the Editor has reserved for a future publication any of the contemplations of Anne Catharine on the subject of our Blessed Lord's life on earth which may be deemed likely to interest English Catholics in a translation from the original. The popularity of the *Dolorous Passion*, ought to be a sufficient guarantee that many will be found to value a similar work with regard to our Lord's preaching. Father Coleridge has also kept, as he tells us, for the future volume, the remarks which we had intended to make on the general subject of Anne Catharine's visions. These pictures—for they are little more—of our Lord in His active life, have always struck us as remarkably beautiful. If they are only the creations of imagination, the imagination which has formed them must be allowed to have been of wonderful power as well as of wonderful grace.

8. *Proposed offering to the Sacred Heart of Jesus*; in commemoration of the Pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial (Sept. 1873). (A Circular issued by the Rt. Hon. Lady Petre.)

Proposals of the kind contained in the pages before us are not commonly made the subject of criticism, but we may break through our usual rules in order to say a few words as to this scheme of Lady Petre's. Lady Petre tells us that it is as much as six years since she first set on foot the *Creche*, which is now in Bulstrode Street, and three years since the Home for Poor Girls has been opened. These two works have been happily and wonderfully prospered, and it is now proposed to add to them a Night Home for girls of good character from any part of London, from the age of thirteen and upwards, who are engaged at work during the day time, but have no safe home, or no home at all events as safe as it ought to be, to betake themselves to at night. None but girls of good character will be admitted. It is not said whether they are to pay anything for their lodging or not. This is the case with several Boy's Homes, which we believe are working very well. The need is a very obvious need, and the good work, which, we cannot doubt, will be supported liberally by Catholics in general, will, when it is organized, remove a blank and conspicuous gap in our system of works of charity. Every one must be aware of the dangers which beset the girls for whose benefit Lady Petre has undertaken

to plead, who are too often led astray almost of necessity. The work is most appropriately dedicated to the Sacred Heart, and has the cordial approbation of the Archbishop of Westminster.

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9. *Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque.* A Brief Account of her life, &c. By the Rev. C. B. Garside. Burns and Oates, 1874.

This modest volume seems to be composed mainly of chapters on the Life of Blessed Margaret Mary, written for one of our minor periodicals. The substance of the memoir is drawn from Father Tickell's work, and other older books. Father Garside has done his work beautifully. He has added some valuable chapters, on Heroic Virtue, and other subjects connected with Beatification and Canonization.

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10. *Meditations of the Sisters of Mercy* before the renewal of Vows. By the late Bishop Grant. Burns and Oates, 1874.

There is nothing in this little volume by way of Preface to tell us exactly how much and how little comes directly from the pen of Dr. Grant himself. The Meditations, which are extremely simple, touching, and full of pious thought, would seem, as far as we can gather from internal evidence, to have been drawn up from notes taken of what fell from Dr. Grant's lips: but we may be mistaken in thinking that he did not write them out himself. Anything coming direct from him must be extremely valuable. We rejoice very much, therefore, in this publication. We are tempted to indulge in at least one quotation.

But whilst the Sacred Heart was compassionate to those who had offended Him, Mary knew how tenderly He loved those who were still in the innocence of childhood. She saw the Beloved feeding on the lilies, and gathering around Him spotless souls, like St. John, who were dear to Him on account of their simplicity and purity. She heard the beatings of that Heart, even when He seemed to sleep, watchful on account of His desire that His children should always be faithful to these angelic virtues. She saw Him clothing them with the white robe in Baptism, that they might bear it unstained through life.

Blessed is the lot of His priests, who are allowed to present to the Sacred Heart souls washed in the purifying waters of this holy sacrament, and fragrant with the innocence which it imparts! Blessed again are His priests, who are allowed to nurture these fair flowers, and to adorn them with virtues which may prepare them for the religious state, and to dwell, with Mary, in the courts of the Temple! Blessed are His priests, who instil into the candid and open hearts of children lessons of faith and holiness, which remain as their chief and only treasure through life! And thrice blessed are His priests and faithful disciples, who in these degenerate days have, by their words, and still more by their example, encouraged our brethren in the distant East to bear the palm and crown of martyrdom! Who can imagine their sufferings in loathsome dungeons, their anxious prayers for the confirming gift of fortitude, their ardent love of our Crucified Lord, their generous eagerness to bear, with Simon of Cyrene, His Cross! Think of the Christians, bereft of their martyred priests and bishops, meeting in upper chambers and

dark caverns, and cheering one another to hope for better days and to be steadfast in the faith, and full of confidence in the prayers of our Immaculate Mother, and in the all-powerful graces of the Sacred Heart of Him for Whom they are fighting the good fight, and from Whom they are to receive an unfading crown of glory. We know that the Church is rejoicing even now in the victories of martyrs and confessors, and that by the Communion of Saints we are sharing in their victories. Blessed, then, are they who have instructed them and others unto justice, for they shall shine like stars evermore!

When we are summoned by the Church to meditate on the mysterious love that fills the Sacred Heart of Jesus, we hear Him repeating that aspiration, "I am come to cast fire upon the earth, and what will I but that it be kindled?"¹ Would that we were able to feel the way in which He seeks to scatter this fire amongst us! Day after day it burns in the Adorable Sacrifice, wherein the fruits of His Passion are applied to our souls. It cannot consume itself, and therefore it lingers, bright and unquenchable, in the tabernacle, whence He comes forth to claim a resting-place in the hearts of His friends. He longs for the time when they are to return to receive and welcome Him, and if they tarry, His angels are sent into the highways that they may compel all to enter, and that His feast may be full. If sickness keeps us away, He hastens to our bedside that we may know how tenderly He thinks of us! But how mournful and saddening to His affectionate Heart must be His passage from His altar to the lowly chamber or perhaps the prison cell to which He carries that holy fire! As He passes along our streets, no hosanna gladdens His ear, no palm branches are strewed on His way. The ways of Sion mourn, for there is no one to come to the festival, and to hail His approach. His minister bears in silent adoration, anxiously avoiding the notice of the multitude, that Divine Lord Who claims the allegiance of all around Him. His Sacred Heart yearns with compassion towards them, and they are unmindful of the love with which He wishes to inflame them. He sees the churches, where of old He dwelt, cold and desolate, and bereft of the treasure of His Eucharistic Majesty, which was once their glory. He sees many of His creatures misled by unbelief and error, and blinded by prejudices. But, oh, how eagerly does He wrestle with them that they may refuse, like the Patriarch, to allow Him to depart before He has blessed them! Poor as they are, they are dear to Him, and He longs to enrich them with the gifts prepared by His love; wretched as they are on account of their sins, He wishes to render them happy; ignorant as they are because they disown the teaching of His Church, He wishes to instruct and guide them to her threshold, that entering they may see the light, and may no longer walk in darkness. He has allowed sickness to afflict the family to whom He is journeying, that He may pass through the crowded streets of our cities, and through the green fields of the rural missions, and gaze, unseen, upon the sheep that He desires to gather into His fold. If such are His feelings towards those who disregard His presence, who can tell the pain and suffering with which He witnesses on His way the gloomy state of those Catholics who for years and years have been separated from Him? Over their hearts, likewise, hard and dead as they are, He would fain scatter the sparks of that enlivening fire that alone can quicken them into life. Over that earth which is beaten down and frozen, He Who is the lily of the valley would cause that flower of fragrant innocence once more to appear. Over those souls, so long buried under the deep waters of wickedness and sin, His Immaculate Mother, who is fair as the dove, would again bear the olive branch, and those waters would again subside. Into those souls, so long deaf to the sweetness of His voice, would the soothing tones of His mercy be poured. And thus as He passes does the Sacred Heart ever repeat—"I am come to cast fire upon the earth, and what will I but that it be kindled?"

¹ St. Luke xii. 49.

II.—LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Glimpses of Lourdes.

DEAR —. I must begin to say that in adding these few words to the many that have been already spoken and written about Lourdes, I have no new or startling facts to record. I can bring no fresh testimony to the truth of the apparitions in the shape of miracles witnessed or answered to prayers vouchsafed on the spot. I have nothing to tell but some impressions made on minds which have a natural bias against, rather than towards, belief in the miraculous, and to whom the story and the pilgrimages of Lourdes were for a long time a difficulty and a stumbling-block. Indeed, at the time of our visit to Lourdes, although, thanks in great measure to Mr. Henri Lasserre's book on the subject, my prejudices had almost, if not entirely, vanished, yet my feelings, and I believe I may say those of my companion also (apart from the natural curiosity to see a place so much talked of), were chiefly such as these—that to pass it by might be to neglect a means of grace, that prayers offered on a spot where such devout and earnest prayers were continually being made, would be, one hoped, acceptable to God—that to keep away from Lourdes when so close to it would be a proof of a proud, self-assured, and un-Catholic attitude of mind which could not be pleasing to Him.

We were able to make three visits to Lourdes, all of them brief, but each one enabling us to realize and to take in more fully its wonder and its beauty. I cannot describe it, but I think that the spirit of the place takes possession of the mind, and makes it recognize some mighty power, some mysterious spiritual influence before which doubts are silenced, faith becomes so keen as to be almost vision, the whole inner being is moved as by a passage of a divine presence. I feel one might safely take a sceptic or an unbeliever there and say to him, "See, and then speak," and if he did not believe, I do not think he could, at any rate, speak other than soft and reverent words! The beauty of the situation in the first instance prepossesses the stranger in favour of Lourdes. The town has all the picturesqueness which belongs to so many of the mountain fastnesses of the Pyrenees, which still bear about them the romantic traces of Old World song and story—an attractive medley of Roland's horse and sword, and Charlemagne's battle-axe, and Saladin's crescent standard, mixed with the prowess of the Knights Templars, and the later glories of our own Black Prince. The Castle of Lourdes, so well placed on an eminence in the centre of the present town, is not less rich than its fellows in history and legend. The mountains around have softened down into wooded hills with beautiful rounded outlines, and everywhere the sound and the sight of running streams gladden the eyes and ears of the traveller.

Twenty minutes' walk brings you from the station to the grotto. As I am telling the "whole truth, and nothing but the truth," I will acknow-

ledge that the quarter of a mile of road which intervenes before reaching, and after leaving, the town, is the most—the only—distressing and disappointing part of Lourdes. It is lined like a fair with booths for the sale of rosaries, pictures, and the host of heterogeneous (and generally ugly) objects which are classed under the head of “*de Pieté*.” Several of the booths bore names well known in the history of the apparition, but which we could not but regret to see advertised, as it were, in order to attract purchasers. One was kept by “*Marie Soubirous, sœur de Bernadette*,” another by “*Jeanne Abadie, présente à la première Apparition* ;” and remembering the way in which all concerned shrank from public notice, and above all, from making any gain or profit out of their connection with Bernadette, in the early days, it seemed a pity that they should have departed from so good a tradition. The road, too, is infested (if such an expression may be permitted) by women and young girls, who follow the passer-by, and torment him to buy candles to burn in the church or at the grotto, and who in their pertinacity and rudeness, remind one of nothing but the women who try to sell flowers and programmes outside a theatre. No one ought to encourage these people by buying of them, the more so, that there is a regularly organized bureau close to the grotto, where candles are sold and water supplied, in bottles or tin cans, to those who wish to carry it away with them. We cannot doubt that the clergy of Lourdes do their utmost to put a stop to a traffic and persecution, which must be very disedifying to many persons, and very troublesome to all. But the licensing of booths, and the right of sitting on the public ways, being in the hands of the civil authorities, the power of the priests to prevent it must be necessarily limited. The sight of the grotto, however, checked the momentary feeling of annoyance and irritation which was caused by these incongruous and very human elements. Photographs and pictures have made the appearance of the grotto familiar to most persons ; the shallow cave with its wide opening, within which Bernadette knelt when she advanced towards her gracious visitor, and where the miraculous spring arose ; the niche in the top, on the right side of the cave, where our Lady stood, and which is now filled by a statue made from Bernadette’s description of the apparition ; the wild-rose garland, the blossoming of which the curé asked for as a sign—not knowing the far other and greater signs and wonders, which should testify throughout the world, to the truth of the child’s story—still throws its sprays about the feet of the statue. But, in other respects, the spot has indeed changed since the days when the country people around looked upon it as the resort of evil spirits, and would not pass it at night, or at any time indeed, without making the sign of the Cross. Truly, the wilderness has become “*as the garden of the Lord*.” A broad, handsome road has been made along the bank of the Gave, and near the grotto widens out into a sort of platform. The course of the stream seems to have been altered for this purpose, and the canal or channel, which Bernadette and her companions crossed, no longer exists. We were glad to make this out, for at first it was

perplexing to believe that the deep, rapid stream, which a man could barely cross in safety, had been crossed, and re-crossed, by children. The beautiful church is built on the summit of the high rock of the grotto, and immediately over it. A winding path leads up to it from the grotto, and the whole face of the rock has been transformed into a beautiful garden of turf and flowers and flowering shrubs, which, as we saw it that May month, was a mass of fragrance and of blossom.

This first visit was but a brief minute between two trains, and we kneeled for a very short time at the grotto, and took a draught from the stream which flows in limpid abundance and delicious freshness at its entrance. Though it was the busiest time of the day, and it was not a feast-day or a day of pilgrimages, there were from twenty to thirty people kneeling at the grotto. They were mostly poor people, and looked to me like people of the place, who just took advantage of a few minutes' leisure to say a decade of their rosary at the shrine of the apparition.

Our second visit to Lourdes was a less hurried one; we had asked to have a Mass said there for our intentions, and we drove over for it from Argeles. Such a drive it was on that beautiful summer morning—such a combination of rocks and streams, and woods and meadows, with distant snow-peaks and mountain gorges. Flowers everywhere—acacias loading the air with their sweetness, great blue columbines nodding at us from every grassy bank, delicate mauve primulas and deep purple pinquiculas making a rich carpet of colour beside the rocky streams; meadows bright with orchis and anemone and geranium, and everywhere, where nothing else blossomed, the golden glow of broom in flower. We drove to the Church of the Grotto, a perfect marvel of whiteness and of exquisite proportions. It consists of a crypt and an upper church, the former surrounded by beautiful cloisters, used for processions, and the niches in which are fitted with small screens, evidently used as temporary confessionals when the press of pilgrims makes those within the church insufficient for their use. The chief features of the church, apart from its architectural beauty, and the dignified simplicity which characterizes all its details, are the innumerable banners suspended from its roof and walls; they are all offerings from different pilgrimages, and some of them extremely handsome. I should have expected beforehand that the confusion of texture and colour produced by them would give an effect of incongruity or even tawdriness; on the contrary, one would as soon think of tawdriness in connection with the banners of the Garter in the Knights' stalls in St. George's Chapel. These trophies seem such a fitting homage of gratitude and filial love, such a symbolizing of the whole meaning of the sanctuary of Lourdes—God's gifts and graces lavishly given and poured out through Mary's intercession, and acknowledged and given thanks for, freely, without stint, without human respect, without any of the worldly considerations which too often interfere with the expressions of our gratitude to God and to His Mother.

We were told that our Mass would be said in the crypt, and found an altar prepared for it, all bright with flowers and tapers for the Month of Mary. A great portion of the walls of the crypt is covered with memorial tablets, acknowledging every kind of cure and grace; it was touching to notice how large a proportion of the tablets embodied the gratitude of mothers for the restoration of sick and deformed children, as though the sufferings of the little ones and the grief of mothers formed a special sympathy in the heart of the Merciful Virgin. Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour (eleven o'clock), there were quite a goodly few communicants, chiefly peasant women, in their nice brown or black capulets, long mantles which cover the head and the whole figure, and which form the most becoming and reverent dress I have ever seen worn by women in church; it seems to be peculiar to the Pyrenees, and on going into a village church on a Sunday morning one would think oneself in a convent chapel, so motionless are they, and so like nuns do they appear in their dark robes. A poor lady also received Communion, who had been carried into church in a chair and could not move; she seemed to be making a novena for her cure, for at the close of the Mass the priest turned and asked the congregation to join in prayers for her recovery. There is something very beautiful in the sense of Christian brotherhood that prevails at Lourdes, it is the flocking of children around the knees of a common and beloved Mother; some have come to ask favours, others to return their gratitude for those that have been granted them, others perhaps only to express their love and filial duty, but all are taking a part in the desires and the thanks and the love of all. I think it would be impossible for prayers at that shrine to be entirely selfish ones; even the poor absent children, those who have wandered far from home and the loving arms that would have held them, and, like the Prodigal, are spending their substance in a far country, are remembered there, perhaps that Mother's heart yearns over them more tenderly than even over those who have brought their love and devotion to her feet! At the hotel where we breakfasted we met a German lady with her little child of three or four years old; he was nearly blind, and looked terribly thin and ill, and the poor mother's evident anxiety and absorption in him was very sad to witness. Afterwards I learnt that he was the youngest of seven sons, all similarly afflicted, and she had him brought here in hopes that he at least might be reserved from his brothers' fate. I am never likely to hear again of this mother and child, but most earnestly do I hope her faith and her prayers have met with a reward, and that she has ere now carried back her child rejoicing, to their distant home!

Our third visit to Lourdes was perhaps the most interesting. We were staying at Bagnères de Bigorre, and hearing that two pilgrimages were to arrive on the same day, we determined to drive over. The town had awakened from the sleepy quiet we had noticed on the previous occasions, there was much passing to and fro in the

streets, many garments and headdresses that certainly did not belong to the Pyrenees. It was a pilgrimage from St. Etienne on the Loire, we were told, that had arrived that morning, consisting of about six hundred pilgrims, and one of Bretons from Brest and the neighbourhood was expected in the course of the afternoon. We found the grotto surrounded by worshippers; it was the middle of the day and no service was going on, some pilgrims were satisfying their private devotion, others drinking at the fountain, bathing their eyes in its waters, or leading their blind friends to do so, or helping their infirm ones to the baths. Many were resting, after their long railway journey of thirty-six hours, on the benches along the road. Pathetic little groups, many of them—the hardworking, travel worn peasant, supporting his pale wife who leans against him, their infant in her arms; the sick boy in wheelchair, from which he seems unable to move, with the elder brother and sister who had brought him so lovingly through all the fatigue and suffering of the journey, on a bench beside him; the old men and women who had dropt off to sleep while saying the rosary they still held in their hands. One thought of the real expense and suffering and trouble which this pilgrimage had cost these good souls, and one felt heartily ashamed and humiliated by the contrast with our own self-indulgence and want of courage where the question of doing honour to God and our own soul's good, or the good of others, comes uppermost! Even the third-class railway ticket was a matter of nearly two pounds out of their hard earned savings, and a priest, who was one of the pilgrims, told us that no money was collected or subscribed for them, as was so well done in the case of our own pilgrims to Paray-le-Monial, and that the greater proportion of the pilgrims had no food but the bread and morsel of cheese they brought with them, and would spend the night (for they were not to move homewards till the following day) at the grotto or in church, or on the benches where we saw them. Never did I see anything so edifying as their demeanour, and the extraordinary and evident heartiness of their prayers; it was all so perfectly simple too, without any exaggerations or eccentricities of devotion, anything that could offend the most fastidious or provoke the most critical. Once as we were kneeling at the grotto in company with about two hundred pilgrims, some one, a layman, stood up and asked them all to join in special prayers for the sick and infirm whom they had brought with them on the pilgrimage; they at once said a decade of the rosary all together, and then sang their pilgrimage hymn; it is impossible to say how spontaneous and touching it was, and how one longed for their prayers for other sick and sorrowful ones, and for those who are blind with other than physical blindness. But vesper time was approaching, and then began to be a movement towards the church.

The Bishop of St. Etienne had come with his flock, and he now appeared, followed by a train of priests who quite filled the sanctuary with white surplices. The vesper service was beautifully sung, as it

generally is in France, the whole congregation joining in the psalms and hymn and antiphons. When it was concluded one of the priests of Lourdes mounted the pulpit, and in most beautiful and fitting words gave a simple unvarnished account of the apparitions from the beginning to the end. Probably the story he told was familiar more or less to every one in the church, but told there, immediately above the spot where the mysteries had been worked out; told to men and women and children, who had indeed borne the burthen and the heat of the day in order to profess their belief in the miracle of Lourdes, and their love for her who had chosen out that sanctuary; told in words plain and sincere, but yet at times glowing with eloquence or tremulous with emotion, it all seemed to us as fresh, as startling, as convincing as if we had heard it then for the first time. Unfortunately we were pressed for time, and could not even stay for Benediction, which was to conclude the service, or for the torchlight upited procession of Breton and St. Etienne pilgrims, which was to take place later in the evening. On going down to the grotto for a last prayer and last draught of the water, we found it surrounded by the Breton pilgrims, who had just arrived, and were still pouring down from the station. Quite as fervent as the others did they look, and even more picturesque in their national costumes; the women in their quaint white caps, of all imaginable patterns and forms and sizes, looking as fresh as though they had but just taken them from the ironing-board; the men in strange breeches and jackets and caps of odd shapes and materials. Gladly would we have lingered on, but time pressed and others were waiting for us, so we said farewell to Lourdes (not a lasting farewell I hope) and departed, taking away with us a store of happy memories, an undying sense of gratitude to God, Who in these days of storm and restlessness and many thoughts—when even the faith of those within the pale of the Church cannot be kept lightly or ignorantly, but has more than ever to be nursed and kept alive, not by prayer only and all the spiritual graces which prayer gives, but by knowledge, by struggle, by conflict with men and opinions and times—has prepared in this favoured spot, amidst streams and hills and nature's loveliest and most soothing scenes, this blessed sanctuary, where weary souls may come, and, in its peaceful stillness, find again the clear unquestioning childlike faith, which though never perhaps shaken, never wavering, may still burn with a saddened and troubled light amidst the hot fever of modern life and thought!

L. E. W.

III.—SELECTIONS FROM FOREIGN CATHOLIC PERIODICALS.

Cause of the present state of the Finances of Italy.

(Condensed from the *Civiltà Cattolica*.)

BEFORE Italy was united, its total expenditure, both Governmental and Municipal, amounted to about thirty millions sterling, which, with a population of twenty-seven millions, was a little over one pound a head. Now, for nearly fifteen years Italy has formed but one State. This ought to have brought to its finances order and economy, if by nothing else, at least by reducing to one the seven civil lists, the seven ministries, seven bodies of foreign ambassadors, seven centres of administration. The very reverse has taken place. At the close of this year, 1874, Italy will have spent nearly three times as much as she did before 1859; in round numbers—Budget for State Expenses, £61,000,000; Provincial Expenditure, £4,000,000; Communal Expenditure, £14,000,000; giving a total of from seventy-nine to eighty millions of pounds. The two last items are calculated from the official statement, the Provincial Expenditure from that of 1872, that of the Communes from the statement of 1871, with the addition of the mean annual increase, which is here, if anything, understated. A total expenditure of £80,000,000, divided among a population of twenty-seven millions, gives nearly £3 a head, or about three times as much as was paid before the union of Italy. To see how grievous and crushing a burden this is, we should know the actual wealth of Italy. This may be calculated at £181,200,000, per annum, giving about £6 15s. per head. Out of this, four-ninths has to go in taxes. It is exceedingly easy to show how things have come to this pass, and how disastrous such a condition must be to Italy.

If the revolution did not cost as much blood as most other revolutions, it was because it cost so much money. Money was lavished in creating public opinion, in gaining adherents, in purchasing desertions and treachery, in subsidizing Garibaldi, in the wars with Austria; and still the lavish waste goes on undiminished, in arming against the dangers of the future. Before the various States were formally annexed, not merely did the Provisional Governments squander every penny they found in the treasuries of the fallen princes, but they borrowed, only to waste it, more than £18,000,000, leaving the Treasury of United Italy to pay the remainder of expenses, for which even these eighteen millions had not sufficed. Consequently, in the first three years of United Italy, two fresh loans had to be made, from which out of a nominal capital of £68,000,000 were realized only £40,000,000, and which saddled the State in perpetuity with an annual burden of £3,440,000. Nor did this seem at all to alarm the leaders of the Revolution. The State lands were sold, the Church property sold, loan after loan were contracted, the conditions under

which they were negotiated growing more and more onerous. Still the cry was, more. A forced paper currency was introduced. Treasury bonds were issued. Thus, at last, the National Debt has reached the sum of £402,388,563, for which, what with interest and sinking fund, an annual interest is to be paid of £22,800,000.¹ What would the Italians have said in 1859, if any one had told them, that to make Italy, it would require a sum so enormous that its interest alone would equal the entire Governmental expenditure of that date? By a sort of fatality, what was begun in the days of struggle and excitement has now passed into a system, and the very ones who urge the Government on in its downward course are the elected deputies of the people, whose interest they are supposed to have at heart.

Every year that the Budget is brought forward one truth is made more clear, that beside the unlawful origin of the Italian Kingdom, it is to the character of her rulers that this ruinous expenditure is to be attributed. Men of party instead of statesmen, men of false principles, of elastic conscience—we only quote their mutual accusations—each new comer lays the blame upon the outgoing Ministry. Each Cabinet has a certain programme to carry through, a district to which it must render some service, a following which it must satisfy. It little matters if the people cry out, there is an immense force of tax-gatherers, servile magistrates, and police to exact compliance. There is, as a last resource, the army to back these demands. And if common honesty or patriotism makes a Minister revolt against fresh expenditure, he knows that he will only be overthrown by those who exalted him, and that a successor will easily be found to do what he scrupled to execute; Italy would not be the gainer by his self-sacrifice. It is, then, the deputies to the Parliament who urge fresh outlay on the Government. Thus the last Ministry was forced to resign because Sella in vain tried to introduce economy in certain branches, while the majority of the Chamber wished to spend more than the revenue could afford, and at the same time refused, by fresh taxes, to increase that revenue. In fact the deputies have at heart the interests of no one but themselves; they regard their entry into Parliament merely as a means to promote their own interests, as a stepping-stone to power. A fine speech at an electoral banquet, in which the candidate announces what he will support when he has got his seat, is an easy, if not honest, way to gain the votes of his constituents. Nothing confirms this more than the wholesale abstention of the Italian deputies, who, once elected, stay away habitually from their post. They go there only to defend their own interests, they are absent when their duty to the country

¹ The *Times*, in a remarkable article of May 27 of this year, exposing the financial Rake's progress, understates both the National Debt and the yearly payment of taxes. The National Debt is put down at three hundred and fifty millions sterling, the annual taxation at forty millions. Our figures are quoted from the official *Annuario* of the Finance Minister of Italy for 1873, and the debt, at least, of the Banco Nazionale has certainly increased since the publication of that work.

requires their presence. Every rank of life feels the natural result of such a state of things. A sort of undefined uneasiness, as though they were on the eve of a great catastrophe, has come over the minds of all. The nation sees in its Government nothing but a spoiler of its substance. Every new Budget is for it a fresh calamity, for regularly every year there is a deficit to be covered, either by fresh taxes or by a fresh emission of paper money, or by fresh loans. Each time the Minister solemnly declares it is positively for the last time, and that the golden age is soon to dawn. Yet each year the same old story repeats itself. It has gone on too long, and to quote the words of a well known democrat, George Pallavicino, "The murmur of indignation from the country re-echoes to the murmur of the workshops. The cloud which is heavy with a storm is drawing near. The social edifice, shaken at its very base, threatens to fall into utter ruin." "Every financial statement," says another deputy, Signor Tocci, "is a defeat, a lost battle." A country that has gone to the end of its resources is a country that has lost all claim to respect. Prussia, the patron, or rather the master, of Italy, has told its creature plain truths on this head in the articles of its official papers.

But if the Government is in a bad way, the nation is still worse. Whatever goes to the tax-gatherer is taken first from the savings, then from the conveniences of life, then from its necessities, then from what is absolutely indispensable. Thus not merely the riches of a nation are torn away, but its well-being, its very strength and energy at last are taken from it. And this is the state to which Italy has been reduced. Witness the depreciation of capital, the increase of interest asked there for money, the rate of exchange upon gold, the rise in the price of provisions, the decrease in the value of land, the constantly growing burden of mortgages, the twelve millions that go annually out of Italy to pay an interest which there doubles what these gainers by another's loss could have got in their own countries, the depression in agriculture, the constant failures in business. We repeat it; see how the national wealth of Italy is so reduced that there is but an annual income of £6 15s. a head, and of this £3 goes in taxes!

And will the State halt before it precipitates itself into the abyss? No. And the reason is simple; because it is unable. It refuses to see the true remedy—its fears, its desires, blind it. Palliatives, not remedies, are employed, and though the *Times* correspondent of June 5, says, "A notion, which simple and natural as it is, seemed never to have struck the members either of the Sub-Alpine or of the Italian Parliament, since 1848—that where no money is, no money should be spent," has gained a strong hold on Italian politicians, we venture to predict that this is merely the old annual promise, never yet fulfilled. Already Minghetti, after his first check, has re-insisted on his new and retrospective tax on registration. If he gets his way, then the Armaments' Bill will again be carried, and the race to ruin taken up as hotly as before.

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